CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844. VOL. XXIII.—NO. 50.

The Wealth, Industry and Resources of Portsmouth. A lecture delivered before the Portsmouth Lyceum, Nov. 12, 1844. By Rev. A. P. Peabody. Published by request of the hearers. C. W. Brewster, Printer, 1844.

The interest of this admirable and instructive Lecture is not of so local a character, as its title would lead one to suppose. It embraces arguments and considerations that are of a broad general application, and is calculated to do good service every where. In proof of this we select the following passages.

'Nor can it be alleged for a moment that Massachusetts has made any intellectual or moral sacrifice in carrying to such an immense extent its manufacturing industry. Far from it Massachusetts, we well know, takes the lead of all the states in the diffusion of intelligence, in every form of philanthropy, in every manifestation of public spirit; while at the same time, in wealth and in the annual increase of wealth, in proportion to its population it takes precedence of all sister states. And it is the manufactures of the state, that make the wealth of the metropolis,—of Boston, where no work of philanthropy fails, where no scheme of internal improvement is left untried, where no enterprise however gigantic is deemed too costly, and where capital seems to grow by exhaustion, and to abound most when it has met the heaviest drafts. The generation of rich men now deceased or passing off the stage made their fortunes by Asiatic commerce. The present generation of *millionaries* have grown rich by manufactures. The largest houses *in the city*, are those, which deal *solely with* domestic manufactures. And as to foreign commerce, the manufactures of the state are fast becoming its chief staple. They form the outward cargoes to South America, to the West Indies, to the coast of Africa, and for the cotton freighting ships. They float on every sea, and find their way to every zone. But there are some things observable in the state of society in Massachusetts, which are intimately connected with these results. Mechanical occupations are there regarded with high respect both by mechanics themselves, and by the community at large. Mechanics and manufacturers respect their own calling, do all that they can to give dignity to it, and in general manifest no desire to leave it when they grow prosperous; but, if they accumulate property, they extend their operations, erect large establishments, assume large contracts, still themselves overseers and chief workmen, while possessed of independent fortunes, holding high offices of trust and honor by the choice of their fellow citizens, and occupying the first places in intelligent, cultivated and refined society. And when men respect their own callings, they are always respected by the community; nor do I believe that there is any portion of the world where manual labor and skill as employed in the useful arts are held in so high esteem as in Massachusetts. Indeed, among the best and most cultivated circles of society in the state, there is nothing, which would be taken as a surer mark of vulgarity and low breeding, than for one to speak slightingly or disrespectfully of mechanical industry or of those actively engaged in it.

I have spoken thus largely of the industry of Massachusetts, because I believe that it is only by means of the same kind of industry that our *own* town can grow, or can even retain, feed and employ its present population. There is no reason, why enterprizes of the kind might not succeed *here, as well as in towns*, which they are *enriching*. This is not itself indeed an emporium of commerce, nor yet are they,—they manufacture for a distant market. Nor are goods usually manufactured where they are sold,—they must be made where rents and the expenses of living are comparatively low. Many of the places which manufacture largely, have not even the advantage of steam or water carriage to Boston, whereas for us on light goods the cost of transportation to a market is but a very small percentage on their value. Nay more, we stand with reference to a Southern market on as advantageous a footing as Boston, and might every year send South a million dollars worth of goods at a very low freight, by the ships, which load at our wharves every autumn and winter. There is not a place in New England so advantageously located as this for the kind of manufactures of which I am speaking, not a place, which combines to so great a degree cheapness of living, ease of access to a near market, and directness of transportation to distant markets. What then is wanting?

Simply and solely the enterprize to go forward, and do something; and this lack of enterprize is chargeable upon several different classes of the community.

First, in part upon our mechanics themselves, who, when they begin to prosper, are apt to grow tired of their callings, and to abandon them at the very time when by their experience and knowledge of their business they are qualified to conduct extended operations with the certainty of success. There are too many mechanics, who do not respect their own professions, and they are in great part to blame, if others do not respect them as they ought. Every branch of industry that contributes to the general welfare, is worthy of respect and honor; and none more so than the essential departments of wholesale and retail commerce, which demand enterprize, intelligence and skill for their successful management. But, because a merchant worthy of the name commands respect, there seems to prevail a general idea, that, if a man forsakes useful labor in order to buy and sell, he rises in the world. Yet all shop-keeping is not commerce. And, when I see an able-bodied man standing from morning to night behind a counter, with a few handfuls of sugar-plums, and a little decayed fruit, and some ten or twenty dollars worth of groceries, his whole stock in trade not worth one-hundredth part of the capital which his bones and muscles represent, I feel the ludicrousness of that man's position so strongly, that I can hardly buy of his wares without laughing in his face. And yet there are mechanics who feel that they assume a higher standing in the world by *forsaking* the useful labor, which makes them vital members of the body politic, for such paltry insignificance as this. The enterprize of our mechanics is also greatly injured by the number of petty public offices, for which they furnish seekers. If I wanted to benefit an able and industrious man, I would do all that I could to prevent him from getting an office. These offices belong in all fitness to those merchants and ship-masters, who have been unfortunate without fault, and are not in a position to resume their former occupations. They have the requisite business qualifications, and, having at their own risk and danger contributed directly to the payment of the public revenue, seem entitled, when they need it, to the emoluments growing out of its collection. But when a capable and enterprizing mechanic seeks such an office, he makes a fatally false step. The very process of office-seeking unsettles his habits of application, enrols him among the political *quadrinues* of the day, and affects injuriously his business standing and character. And then, if he gets his office and keeps it two or three years, the next turn of the wheel throws him out of it without resources. He cannot return to his old business. He has lost the taste. He has lost his industrious habits. He has declined even in physical vigor. Others have filled his place, and are giving entire satisfaction to his former employers. Improvements have taken place in his business; and, if he starts anew, he must start in the rear ranks, where he used to occupy the front. The probability therefore is that he will bid a final farewell to industry, and make himself for his life long a tide-waiter upon the dominant political party whatever it be, jumping into an office at uncertain intervals, and, when out of office, picking up a precarious subsistence by doing what party drudgery the leaders will not do themselves. How infinitely more honorable the place of one whose own hands minister to his necessities, whose well earned savings are so invested as to cherish and reward the industry of others, and whose growing intelligence and experience are every year giving him a higher place among men of substantial influence and character! St Paul gives in a sacred connection an excellent rule, which applies admirably to secular affairs. 'Let every man abide in the same calling, wherein he is called.' Except in rare cases, a man changes not his profession without a decided loss of mental and moral power, of influence, standing and character, without throwing away the most valuable fruits of the best years of his life, and greatly jeopardizing his future success and usefulness.'

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The following incident occurred a few weeks since in a village of one of the Southern counties of our state. It was a warm Sabbath afternoon, and the doors of the village church were thrown open to let in the balmy air from the fields without. The congregation had assembled, and while the minister was reading the first hymn a beautiful dove entered the door and came walking up the main aisle.

Such a visitor drew, of course, universal attention. But as the choir arose to sing, he seemed startled, and lifting himself on his wings, alighted on the stove pipe above him, where he sat bending his glossy neck and turning his head so as to catch the harmony as it swelled through the temple of God. Whether it was the chorus of voices or the full-toned notes of the organ that captivated him, I cannot tell; but he sat the perfect picture of earnest attention till the music ceased.

Waiting a moment as if to hear the strain commence, he started from his perch and sailed to the top of the organ, where he furled his pinion and sat and looked down on the audience. The young clergyman arose to pray. He is distinguished for his earnestness and fervor of his invocation, and as he stood with his hands around the Bible which lay clasped before Him, humbly beseeching the Father of all good to send his Holy Spirit down, that beautiful bird pitched from its resting place on the organ, and sailing down on level wing the whole length of the church, perched on the Bible directly between the hands of the clergyman.

It was merely a natural occurrence, but how beautiful the picture. There stood the messenger of God with face toward heaven pleading for heaven's blessings—the Bible before him, around which his hands were reverently clasped, while on it stood that beautiful and innocent dove. The three thus together formed a group full of interest and symbolizing all that is dear to man. The Word of God was before the people with God's chosen emblem upon it, and God's herald clasping them both as he prayed.

What wonder is it if a superstitious feeling ran through the house as the people watched that dove—the emblem of innocence and purity and the divine Spirit itself—standing on the Bible and looking gently down on them. Beautiful bird, it centred for a time the affections of all on it; and he who could have injured it there, would have injured hundreds of hearts at the same time. The pressure of its tiny feet was no sacrilege there, for the expression of its soft eye was innocence and love.

The clergyman feeling the presence of the bird, and fearing it might distract the attention of his hearers, gently passed his hand over the Bible. The dove, unstartled, merely hopped over it on the cushion, where it sat till prayer was ended. It then rose and sailed away. In former times the dove would have been regarded a spiritual visitant from the unseen world, sent on a special mission in answer to prayer, and awakened feelings of awe and reverence.

To us it was only a natural but unusual occurrence, awakening simply the sentiment of beauty. It was a new and accidental figure introduced suddenly into a beautiful picture giving greater harmony and perfection to what we deemed perfect before. There was no religion in it, but it was full of beauty. [New York Observer.

ALL HALLOWS EVE IN WALES.

"Old festival days, with their games and merriments, are passing into forgetfulness in England. Not so in Wales—the people are not there worn into the smoothness of general society by intercourse with large towns. Hence all these festivals are there kept up with their ancient glee and freshness. Old Polly Lewis would as soon pass over christmas Day itself as All Hallows Eve.

"It is now All Hallows Eve, and twenty times during the day has every nook and corner of her ample farm-kitchen been swept and dusted, the hearth cleaned up, the crockery-ware and kettles and pans washed and rubbed till they shine again. The clock looks brighter and ticks more sharply than ever clock ticked before. Evergreens are spread here and there as at Christmas, and tastefully intermingled with the china and kitchen ware on the shelves. 'Tis now twilight and her vigor becomes supernatural. The huge bowl is installed on the black and shining oak table; the hearth is built up with logs, and the fire blazes most cheeringly through the ample range of the capacious chimney. What a store of apples and raisins, and tea, and hot cakes! Mistress and maids at length sit down and watch the clock and the weather. The clock shows that the time is come for the arrival of the visitors; the weather is a blusterous night, which only renders the light of the blazing wood-fire still more cheerful.

"At length a tap at the door, and Miss Lizzy Jones enters: a pretty, smiling lass, accompanied of course by her beau, a fat ruddy-cheeked Welsh youth. Next comes Mr. Thomas Shenkin, the tailor, and his sister, a bonnier and plumper lass; then a succession of farmers with their wives and daughters. Next, the nursery-maid and house-maid from the 'Hall,' as smart as ribbons and new gowns can make them. They are escorted by the footman in livery, who looks as great as the Duke of Wellington receiving the Queen on parade. Next pretty Rachel, the beauty of the village, accompanied also by her beau, William, the young carpenter. The room is now full, and the sports begin. The first of them is jumping for the apple, a large apple suspended by a string from the bacon-rack in the middle of the ceiling; each of the young men jump in turn: most of them miss it, and some of them get a fall, which sets the company in a roar. Young William at last gets a good bite out of it, and his reward is the apple itself, and a kiss from the lass he likes best, of course his own Rachel. After jumping for apples as long as apples could make them jump for joy, the next sport comes, which is a tub filled with water, into which a sixpence is dropped. Each of the young men dips his head into it by turns, and again excites the roar of the company by his failure and queer looks. One of them at length gets the sixpence, and this sport ends. Next follow the tea and cakes, and the merry rustic jokes and the simple gallantry which they produce. Next the wassail bowl composed of ale, spices, fruits, mixed with wine, and a due portion of some stronger liquor, roast apples and sweet cakes floating at the top. All this over, 'Well,' says old Polly, 'let us now see who will be spared for next Hallows Eve.' She takes a fine smooth nut, and throws it into the fire. She gazes at it with intense eagerness until a bright blaze issues, when she exclaims with a smile of delight, 'Yes, I may reckon upon another merry meeting in these old walls.' The smart footman throws his into the fire; it dies without any blaze; he affects to laugh it off, but looks pale and ill satisfied. Young William next throws his nut into the fire and says, 'Shall I have my wish?' The nut blazes cheerily, the youth smiles and looks meaningly at pretty Rachel.

"Old Polly Lewis is now in her full glory—she walks up to her high-backed arm-chair by the fire-side, takes her seat, and prepares to relate one of those tales which she knows is expected from her. Her thin shrivelled face looked out from a hedge of frill, and her keen gray eye twinkled strangely beneath her wrinkled brow, whilst a few white hairs hung straight over it. The black cat had leaped from little Mary's lap to that of the old woman, and added to her sybil-like appearance. It was just the night and place for tales to set the hair on end,—rough and black without, with a bright fire within. The candle was put out, the whole party had taken their seats in profound attention, and Polly thus began:—

A WELSH STORY.

"'Well, my kind friends, many of you are too young to know what wonderful sights have been seen on All Hallows Eve. I will tell you what happened to myself some sixty years ago. You must know that we Welsh women have got ways of finding out what we are most desirous to know, and particularly on this night, when the saints and spirits are about us more than any other night of the year. Well, some sixty years ago I and two other young women sat up together and waited for twelve o'clock. We put everything in order, and all sat down by the firelight to watch. It is an awful thing, my dears, to sit up so late, as still as death, not daring to speak, turning your eyes from the clock to the door, and from the door to the clock, counting the minutes and looking for a spirit till he comes. There we sat, getting paler and paler as the hand of the clock got nearer and nearer to twelve. It was a very blustering night just like this, the doors and windows creaking with the wind. At length the clock struck, I stared at the door; I saw it move, then slowly open; then a man's hand, then his arm, and then his whole figure. I should have screamed, but I was afraid; so I stared with all my eyes, for I could not help it. The spirit looked at me very pleasantly. He had on a blue coat and yellow buttons, and a very smart frill to his shirt, with a collar and handkerchief as stiff as starch could make them. After a minute or two smiling again at me, he went out at the door, which closed after him. Well, for many weeks I could make nothing of it; I had never seen anything like the man, and I began to fancy that All Hallows Eve was no more than any other eve after all. But I soon found out that it was worth all other evenings of the year put together; and I will tell you how I found it out. One Sunday, before the close of the year, I and two of the girls that watched with me went to chapel. I happened to look at the "Hall" pew, and there I saw the very man looking as pleasantly at me as on All Hallows Eve. The family at the "Hall" happened to bring down a new butler, and he was the man. He went out of chapel first, and when I came out I found him waiting outside, and he began to talk to me at once quite natural.'

"'What, without being introduced?' interrupted the footman. 'Ay, to be sure; and what's more, before that day three months we were man and wife; and there never was a happier couple. We lived together nigh sixty years; and he has been dead, poor man, five years come next January; and all that story's as true as I sit here, and nobody knows it better than myself.'" [Vale of the Towers.

'NOT ANSWERING AGAIN.'

How much excellent philosophy, sound morals, and true Christianity lie wrapped up in these three words! They were directed by the Apostle to a single class of men, but they are of universal application. Their product is peace, it is joy, it is great charity. Let but men take those three words to, and into their hearts, and they will see life at once in new aspects. Every thing and every body as some one says, will become an angel, an angel of love and of good. Reviling, contempt, bitterness, 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness,' these things and their Legion kindred will die without a blow. There would be no battle, and there would be no blood. Evil by a process with which the old alchemy, and the modern chemistry, its child, compares not,—evil would be changed into good. The curse would be taken off from the earth, and the Cain-like would fade from the face of man. The reign of Christ would come, yes, Christen*dom* or Christ*dom* would indeed be. Let me speak of what the three words at the head mean, and of their uses and power. It shall be a short sermon, for I would have readers.

What is it not to answer again? You may say, to refuse speech. To say nothing to the abusive man, to him who in his high passion has fallen to scolding and to cursing, 'like a very drab,' or as the phrase is, like a 'highwayman.' This is a meaning. But reader, this rule, like those in the grammar, has exceptions. It was made exceeding broad, and it was not deemed safe to make many exceptions. What has that rule done with this perverse and wicked generation, which says: 'be angry, and sin not.' Men have adopted the first clause in the rule, but the latter they have but very slightly heeded. They have been angry to the top of their bent, and to the extremest verge of their will. The sin clause they have not yet had time to weigh. The rule we are considering, is in no part affirmative, and its negative form requires the excedtion. Now there are words, there is a speaking, there is an answer to the worst utterance of the worst enemy. These disarm, turn away wrath. They fall gently like the dew. They come out of living hearts. They come from heaven, and they go to their home, their native home, which the worst heart has not had power to destroy. Men may 'answer again.' They need not keep silence for ever. The word of God was in that 'still, small voice,' deeper, more awful, more terrible, than storm, or thunder, or earthquake groans.

A man is commanded not to answer again, because his answer will have its tone and character from who speaks to him. It is said of Franklin that he perceived his next neighbor to have something about him that was very offensive, a peculiar odor. Franklin told him so, and in language less philosophical than was agreeable. The offended, and offensive man challenged the Doctor on the spot. He declined the challenge, saying that if he was killed, there would be two very disagreeable persons in the world, instead of one. Now reader smile at my illustration, if you will. Man was made to smile. But do not lose its application. He who answers another, and as he speaks, in his anger and in his sin, becomes for the time like him who speaks to him. He too has lost the divine. The image of God is no longer his. The satanic has usurped the place of the holy. The spiritual lies as chained by sin, in the heart's deepest places. The good, the true, the blessed, are deeply covered up, overlaid by their fiercest antagonism. They cannot fight for victory.

This 'answering again' in words, has early place in the life. The boy, the father of the man, has it. He knows its whole mystery.—'You lie,—you lie,' is its earliest form of utterance, and it is not forgotten in the succeeding years. What example, what illustration have the just receding times given us of the truth, of this form of 'answering again.' This whole nation has been broken up into three parts, called parties. Except self-praise, self-adulation beyond all reasonable, or manly limit,—except this, or these, the boy-battle has been waged on all sides. Men have given the lie, and have taken it too, in all forms and modes of speech. It would almost seem that a party vocabulary had no other words. What a time of 'answering!' How unprofitable, for of the three parts only one could prevail, and the whole balance of the 'answering' of the other two, amounted to nothing. How has the nation come out o the war of evil words? Do you suppose, reader, that so much foul breath has been vented in vain? Do you suppose that the far off echoes as they die away among the mountain ranges which divide the land from its neighbor States? do you suppose that those whispering words of the air, are the last that will be heard of this people's wide quarrel? No. Hearts were poisoned,—minds were hurt,—the spiritual was defaced by all those evil words. They came too out of evil hearts, and evil minds. The good, and the holy 'answer not again,' but in love, as Christ answered when his enemies reviled, abused, spit upon, Crucified him. 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do!'—Do not, reader, excuse in yourself for a moment that 'answering again' of yours in that political strife, or your encouragement of it. It was all wrong. It was not Christ's word, or his divine power in men's hearts. It was the denial of the holy. It was the love, the heart-love of the evil. Do not ask me, 'how could I have done otherwise?' Your heart will answer your question. Go to it. Hear its gentle utterance of truth, if the truth it have. Go to conscience. Like a loving father it will say: 'Son, thou hast sinned against God, and against his law as it is written on your soul. Repent, Repent thee of this great evil, and in the coming time, 'answer' not so any more.' So says God, and conscience. And so, reader, says common sense. Common sense pronounces the heaviest sentence on the folly and the sin of 'three parts,' which have been recently enacted in this land. It cries shame upon us! If we will not heed God, or conscience Let us, let us hear the rebuke of a power to which we so aetimes confess we owe some allegiance.

'Answering again' is not confined to speech, or to speaking. 'Face answers to face.'—There was one person who was said to have seen a man's visage in his mind. Any body may see a man's mind in his visage. If out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, out of that same heart does a man's face speak. Few men have been able to resist the temptation of giving to the countenance the tone, the state of the mind, and of the heart. Few men are desirous to do so. The man whose visage has taken part with the tongue in the expression of hatred, contempt, or of any, or of all the evil passions which find place in some hearts, has done that which makes it pleasurable, a felt duty in their object, the person addressed, not only to answer in the like way, but to *look* after the same manner. 'Face answers to face,' and the evil we have witnessed in another, soon finds its counterpart in ourselves. Teach men only to take heed to their lips, and you teach them half duty only. Teach them also to take heed of the face. That can look unutterable things. Out of eyes come eloquence, and the lips have sweetness. So have both of those lurking devils which need not but a wicked heart, or sinful thoughts, to wake up, and to give expression to their awful words.

But 'answering comes again from other sources than tongues and faces. Writing is one of these. Men are not content with looking and speaking evil because their neighbor has done both in their presence, and in their behalf. Men go into their closets, places for prayer, and there in silence and secrecy write, and next print what they would be exceedingly ashamed to have it thought they wrote. Something has been said or done, which in doing great good may by some contingency affect some poor and trifling interest of theirs. A political opponent may years, almost ages ago, have thought, said, or done something which was wrong. A man may have really done us harm, but has repented, nay, has been forgiven,—we need not multiply cases. In some way, however, men feel called upon to write down another man, 'answer again' in writing. To war they go.—Their pen drops bitterness. Its ink is all gall. The adder's poison is under their tongues, rolling there like a sweet morsel. They are afraid to speak it out. They can write it down, and there are prints which will delight to print, for they know they can sell it. The writer feels safe in the murder of feeling, of good prospect in life, of the domestic, or public peace, of his enemy. He, murderer as he is, can never be known, can never be brought to account.—This 'killing in the dark,' has great support in public opinion, and public use. It is not better for either of these. It is proof of the public's faithlessness in Christ, of its contempt of his word and commandment. It has in it no commendation of so debasing a practice.

Job exclaims, 'O that mine enemy had written a book.' Books are frequent occasions of 'answering again.' Was it patient in Job to have uttered that strange exclamation? Has it not some of the 'answering' spirit in it? Was Job a reviewer? I do not discuss these questions here and now. Perhaps the sentence from Job might be made a text elsewhere if he be canonical, and if in this age of 'taking away,' he be left in the Bible. I have greatly exceeded my proposed limits, gentle Reader.—If I have not quite exhausted *your* patience, I may speak again. In the meantime let us both remember the heading:

Not answering Again.'

[Christian World.

ORIENTAL LETTERS.

We copy the following extract and remarks from a notice of 'Oriental Letters by Ida, Countess Hahn Hahn, in the Athenæum.'

'The profound solitude of Mount Carmel and its noble view over the Mediterranean so enchanted the countess that she felt strong sympathies with the convent life, and heartily eulogized the hospitable monks. At Jerusalem, our traveller mentions a party of Wirtemberg peasants who had arrived in the barren stony valley of Jehosaphat, intending to wait for the Messiah! Surely there must be something in the eastern atmosphere very favorable to prophetical interpretations, and millenarian visions, as we have heard of educated men there, as well as ignorant fanatics, who are looking forward to miraculous events for that which can be realized only by the sober practice of Christian virtues. In all probability, Judea may yet be the theatre of some great display of mistaken religion; for when we consider the temper of some enthusiasts, both in our own country and in America, we might almost suppose that there are materials gathering for another absurd crusade. But we shall leave Jerusalem and pass over the author's meditations on topics which are beyond the compass of a book of travels.—Here is a passage from the desert journey:—

'I have given you some account of the material character of my desert journey, in which you will find little that is interesting and as to the intellectual part, it is still more barren of interest. Never did the pilgrim tarry willingly upon this waste of sand. The great caravans of devotees on their pilgrimage to Mecca, and others of a trading character leave behind them here no traces, save graves and scattered bones. Dead camels, in all the stages of decay, from those lately fallen to those of which the white skeletons are alone remaining, mark out the way. The graves of pilgrims who have died in the desert, from want, disease, or exhaustion, are marked out by little heaps of sand, with the bones of animals stuck around them, and are common objects. In the air large birds of prey soil slowly round and round; crows with wild harsh croakings and heavy flapping wings are seen in great numbers, and cat-like beasts of prey lurk among the low shrubs—all seeking for corpses! The desert is a graveyard in its most disconsolate form. The sea, the mountains are solitary, and sometimes seem melancholy in their lone dreariness; but if there is no life in them there are no memorials of death. On the granite peaks and on the foaming billows there are no marks of human decay. The rocks and waves are undefiled with the dust of mouldering bones, and present to us, in their vastness, infinitude, and unbroken calmness, a symbol of eternity, in contrast with which this short earthly life seems but like a morning dream. There is something more than a mere pleasure for the eye in such solitudes. The heart beats more peacefully there. But here, in the desert, death keeps house and all around are the remains of a once restless and miserable life. Death is sublime when we consider him as the conqueror, and at the same time, the supporter of a life which he only overcomes that it may arise again in an everlasting *palingenesia*. But here it is 'dust to dust'—that is all. I tried to find a source of brighter thoughts in recurring to history; but here what a contrast between the sea and the desert! On the waves, how manifold the crossing tracks of gay fleets, armadas, and naval heroes! what a crowd of great thoughts and undertakings, colossal speculations, and adventurous enterprises! No passion, good or bad, is there that has not urged men over the waves. Gold, happiness, dominion, love, freedom—all have been pursued on the sea; avarice, love of glory, thirst for discovery, philanthropy, science, misery, restlessness—all have played their part and sought to be carried to their desired objects on the waves. Of all these there is no trace left in the desert. Great armies have crossed the sands, it is true—Cambyses with his Persians, Alexander, Zenobia, (the proud woman, who degraded her husband, just as the Oriental men now degrade their women,) and other conquerors have passed through the desert; but they have left only desolation behind them. I could find, therefore, no historical interest to enliven me here. The stars were beautiful on the distant horizon—where are they not? and the morning and the evening glow, sunrise and all the changes of the heavens, were beautiful, and furnished my only entertainment.

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We found night quarters at the village of Abuhamed, surrounded by morasses and inundation, which seemed a very unwholesome halting-place, especially as we arrived there during a heavy shower of rain. The next morning was most beautiful. Here the country changes its character, or rather man has changed it, for, like the whole of Egypt, it would be a desert without the means of irrigation derived from the overflowing of the Nile. From Abuhamed to Cairo it is a day and a half's journey, and, as we proceeded, we had to our left hand the dead palm, while on our right hand extended groves of palm-trees, cotton-trees, fields of maize, and pools of water; on one side wilderness, and on the other an Eden; on the left the bright yellow of the desert, and on the right a verdure sparkling like enamel. As we proceeded, the plain began to be diversified with human life. The inhabitants of the villages were carrying oranges, citrons, dates, and bananas to the city, and travellers, tradespeople, trains of camels and asses, and mounted soldiers showed us that we were approaching the suburbs of Cairo. A number of ornamental minarets arose out of the crowd of houses before us, surrounded and interspersed with palms and other trees. In the foreground a row of windmills elevated their ungraceful forms upon sand hillocks, and, here and there, large grave-monuments stood detached from the extensive burial grounds. But in the background, beyond the city, two mighty forms arise—are they hills? they are too regularly formed—are they buildings? they seem too gigantic—they are the pyramids of Gizeh.

In the last number of the Monthly Magazine the following Lines were not printed as the author wrote them. The omission of a verse and the alteration of a phrase impaired their symmetry and sense. They are offered, as they were written, for a place in the Register.

'THE EVENING OF OCT. 23, 1844.'

How bright, how glorious, how serene
You azure sky, when stars and moon,
Unveiled, display night's radiant scene!
How much more fair than flaming noon!

It is as if this milder light
Came from more near the throne of God—
So sweet it falls on human sight,
So much it spreads of heaven abroad.

It is as if the spirit land
Descended nearer earth's dark shore,
And friends, unseen, rejoined the band
Of those so fondly loved before.

It is as if angelic song
Of praise, unheard, but felt were sung,
And mortal hearts were bid prolong
The tuneful joy heaven's host, among.

Hail, silent melody divine!
So brightly seen! No voice or sound
Hath harmony compared to thine
Throughout the universe around.

Thou moon, ye stars and beaming sky,
Bathing in mildest radiance earth,
May answering influence purify
The thoughts to which your light gives birth.

L. H.

THE BIBLE CAUSE.

We copy the following portion of Colonel Tronchin's Letter from Geneva, from the Bible Society's Record, for the month of November.

We could quote many facts to you which would show what power the Bible possesses even in the midst of Roman Catholic populations. Remark, sir, that the whole Popish system is founded on the principle of making the priest the whole clergy, the *depository of salvation*, and of keeping up in the soul of the sinner a continual fear. Every thing is calculated to bring this about; as soon as any one is sick unto death, the monks and the priests seek to take possession of him; his family is sent away from his death-bed; the dying person must be sprinkled with holy water, surrounded with torches, accompanied with prayers, and *de profundises* for his deliverance from the flames and torture of purgatory, which are carefully unfolded before his eyes; his soul needs indulgences and masses, which can be obtained only through the priests, and for money. They take care to keep up disquiet in the hearts of relations, so that their purses may open at the exactions of the priests. Such is Popery. Now let the Word of God be heard in its turn at the bedside of this dying person, let it tell in his ear the good tidings of a merciful Savior, who gave Himself gratuitously, and let him hear the voice of the God-man who cried from the cross, 'It is finished;' let the Gospel cover the voice of the mercenary priest, and be proclaimed in a country enslaved to the clergy of Rome, and the souls are renewed and revived; the slaves break their fetters, and these prisoners escape from their dungeons. We have witnessed their mighty effects in the midst of Romish communities, saved by grace; it is a gift of God, it is not by works!

But you perceive that in the midst of the rubbish heaped up by Voltaireism and Popery, the Bible distributor needs not only much faith, not to allow himself to be hindered in his advance, but also he needs to be seconded by abundant distributions of other books, so that he may not lose considerable time in answering the objections both of infidels and of priests. Thus, while he presents the Book of Life, others, if not he himself, must spread writings in which these objections are victoriously refuted; for without that, the priests too often succeed in withdrawing copies of the Holy Books and destroying them.

It is in France that the American-Swiss Committee have selected the principal field of their labors. In this, sir, we do not hesitate to say, that it is not we who have directed ourselves, but the Lord. All appears to show us that France is the country, of all Europe, in which is to be made the great battles which will bring on the triumph of the Gospel over Popery.

I. And in the first place, notice that France and Belgium are the only two Catholic states which now enjoy, like Ireland, the freedom of the press, and that, by entirely providential means, these two countries are also those on which, notwithstanding political liberty, the Pope still relies as his principal prop. In Spain, the freedom of the press is a mere name; that country is evidently under the weight of a great judgment of God: the blood of the saints which Spain has spilt calls unto God. Although every thing seems to be prepared for opening that country to the Bible, yet, till now, an invisible hand holds the hearts and makes them insensible to the word of grace and peace. Austria and Italy are stilled to the Bible and to tracts. France alone is open.

II. Remark, in the second place, the influence which France exerts and can exert over Europe by her language. It appears to us that there is a remarkable relation between the ascendency of the Greek and Latin tongues in the first age of the Church, and that of the English and French in our age. By means of these two ancient languages the primitive Christians could communicate with almost all parts of the then known world; and now the English and French are like the telegraphs of the Lord to transmit His despatches to all the Christian Churches. By your language you embrace three parts of the world, and the French language is not only the diplomatic tongue of old Europe, but it is also its intellectual and religious language. How beautiful it will be to to see this language, after having served as a vehicle to spread the poison of infidelity, employed in carrying to distant regions the truths of salvation!

III. France is the country where the greatest improvements, both intellectual and political, which have agitated Europe, have often been prepared. It is the country whence issued the Vandois, and later, Calvin, Favel, and a powerful part of the army of the Reformation. We take pleasure in hoping that in the midst of that same country and that same nation, which is now in a state of effervescence, there is preparing an immense revival, which the Holy Spirit may spread over all the Catholic nations.

IV. It is assuredly not without providential views that France has become the great Forum of Europe, the rendezvous of men of all nations. English, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Poles, Russians, all come to discuss in this vast Forum, and some come to hear the Gospel. You have heard that some Spanish robbers, taking refuge in France, found Christ there, who is the true refuge of the sinner. On the coast of Provence and in Languedoc, many Italians can procure the Word of God. A multitude of workmen of all countries are drawn to France by the enterprises of commerce and of industry; among these also the Bible cause exerts its influence, and many of them carry the Bible into the countries whence they came, and make it thus enter the strongholds of Satan.

Make Popery fall, therefore, in France, and Rome will be shaken to its foundation, and its power will tremble even across the seas, in Mexico and in South America. The French press is perhaps destined to overthow the Vatican, and deliver the world from the yoke of the Popes.

You perceive, sir, that this is not the moment to stop before a cause so important and so hopeful. The Lord has placed in the hands of the societies which spread His Word, the destiny of the nineteenth century; and it is to these societies, we do not doubt, that the fulfilling of the great prophecies is intrusted. 'Man is like the flower of the grass: the grass withereth, and its flower falleth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever'

Thus, then, when the Lord put it into the hearts of Christians in the United States, four years ago, to found in the midst of Europe and in the city of Calvin, a Society which made the Churches of the Old and New Continents communicate with each other, he prepared a work which, though humble in the eyes of the world, may have important results, if the Lord continues to direct and bless it.

Geneva is a religious point towards which we may say with gratitude, the eyes of all the Evangelical Churches are turned. Small as she is, and without political influence, this city holds an important situation in the history of the Church; and Voltaire, another Balaam, prophesied, when he said,

'Je ne decide point entre Geneve et Rome.'
'I do not decide between Geneva and Rome.'

Rome without the Gospel cannot struggle with Geneva holding the Gospel. For a long time she has ceased making known her existence to the nations of Europe, otherwise than by her literary and her commercial men, who put her in communication with all countries. But now the Lord seems to have given her the task of spreading the Gospel over the European continent. She has several religious societies, the most considerable of which is doubtless the Evangelical Society, which annually sends forth numerous messengers to salvation. Closely united with this society and with all the Christian societies of France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the American-Swiss Committee have been enabled, by a large correspondence and by the frequent travels of its members, to procure precious information respecting the Christian cause of the European continent. It has also been able, by aid given in proper time, to encourage societies which were wanting in funds or in laborers. Without noise, without public reports, without great appearances, it has placed itself in such a way as to be able, with help from on high, to act with efficacy in many different places.

For these reasons, sir and honored brother, the Committee rejoices in the co-operation of your Society, and come to solicit it for the future more strongly than ever. If you believe, as the Holy Spirit declares, that there is now neither Jew, nor Greek, nor Gentile, nor slave, nor freeman, but that the ransomed of the Lord in all countries form but one family whose head is Christ, help us in the present struggle. Calvin, writing to the Churches of the Reformation, said, 'Send me wood, and I will send you arrows for the battle.' We say to you, send us Bibles, and soon we will send you preachers of salvation for the countries of your continent, which are still covered with the darkness of Popery. Did not the laborers who now work in Canada come from Switzerland? Send us wherewith to spread the Book of Life in France, and you will receive in return the approbation of the Lord, and the thanksgivings of those who, by your instrumentality, have been led to the foot of the cross.

Receive, sir, as well as your honored Committee, the expression of our most affectionate feelings in Christ.

For the Committee,

H. Tronchin De Lavigny.

NECESSITY FOR LEGISLATIVE ACTION IN FAVOR OF LUNATICS IN PENITENTIARIES.

Extract from the Prison Discipline Annual Report. The inspectors of the *State Prison at Charlestown, Mass.*, say, in their last report,—

'There is a subject which we deem important and to which we beg leave respectfully to ask the attention of the government, and that is, the case of a number of insane convicts, now confined within the walls of the Prison, some of whom, we have reason to apprehend, were insane at the time of committing the offence of which they were convicted, and have been so during the whole period of their confinement. These unfortunate individuals are little other than a mere expense to the government. From the very malady under which they are suffering, they are unfit for duty themselves, nor is it safe for them to be at large, and to mingle with the other convicts, at their different places of labor. They are, therefore, from necessity, placed in the solitary cell, shut out from the world, and from the air and light of heaven, until the expiration of their sentence.

A Penitentiary is doubtless a very fit place to punish crime, but not to cure a malady of body or mind. This the maniac himself knows, as well as the man who has never been deprived of his reason. The insane man is rational on many subjects He is conscious of his own insanity, and often strives to conceal it. He is peculiarly jealous of his rights, and is feelingly alive to a sense of injustice, when he supposes himself to suffer wrongfully; and such must be his feeling when he finds himself immured in the solitary cell of a Prison, suffering as a criminal for that which should call forth from every one sympathy and commiseration. Such a residence as this, with the mode of treatment inseparable from it, whatever else it may do, can never effect the return of reason to its wonted seat and power.

Ernest A Erving was committed to the Prison in September, 1836, for the crime of larceny, having been sentenced to three days' solitary imprisonment and ten years' hard labor; and in the month of August, 1837, he was placed in one of the cells in the old Prison, where he has been confined till the present time, being considered a dangerous man to be at large, on account of insanity.

Could this unfortunate man, at the time he entered the cell at the Prison, so many years ago, have been placed in either of the Asylums for the Insane in our commonwealth, or in some other situation affording like advantages, he might, without doubt, under the kind and successful treatment there adopted, long ago have been cured of his malady, and restored to the bosom of his family, 'clothed and in his right mind.' Other cases less aggravated than the one here mentioned, exist, and might be named.

Bradford Sumner.
Samuel Greele.'

The warden of the Prison says, in the same report,—

'There are four convicts in this Prison wholly or partially deranged, and consequently very unsafe persons to be at large in the Prison yard. No suitable accommodations are provided for insane persons in this Prison. The only thing that can be done for them, is to shut them up in solitary cells, where the diseases of the mind, instead of being healed, are aggravated and confirmed. One man has been confined in this way constantly several years, and two others, shorter periods of time. It would seem but the dictate of humanity, that such persons should be placed in circumstances more comfortable, and more favorable to the restoration of reason, than constant confinement in solitary cells—a discipline more apt to deprive sane men of reason, than to restore reason to the insane. Some legislation, it seems to me, is necessary for the relief of insane persons in Prison.'

The directors of the *Connecticut State Prison* say in their report for May, 1843, that

'They cannot but express their regret, that nothing has been done by the legislature to relieve the unfortunate Rabello—a subject which has been before presented for their consideration. This poor lunatic was committed to the State Pr

In every recent case, it is well known that the disease of insanity yields as readily as any other to the proper remedy. No provision being made at the Prison for this class of convicts, they are confined and treated as others are, until they become so outrageous and violent as to disturb their associates, when they are sent to a Lunatic Asylum. By that time they become confirmed maniacs, and the disease, which, in its early stage, would have yielded to proper treatment, has become incurable.

'It is difficult to avoid this result; for insanity is so frequently feigned among the convicts, that it would by no means be safe to remove them to an Asylum until they give incontrovertible proof of the reality of the disease. The time elapsing this period is precisely that when the disease is most susceptible to remedies.

'The erection of a suitable building, where such patients might be properly treated if truly afflicted, or where they might be punished if feigning, and where, in either event, they would neither disturb, nor be disturbed by, their fellow-convicts, is a measure dictated by every principle of humanity.

'Of the convicts belonging to the Prison, 7 are now confined in the Lunatic Asylum at Bloomingdale, at an expense of $3 a week, each, to the Prison. The law does not allow of their being sent to the State Asylum; and the inspectors respectfully suggest such an alteration in the law, as will permit them to use that institution for these purposes.

'There is another defect in the law relating to this class of convicts. If insane at the expiration of their sentence, and unable to support themselves, there is no provision made for them. The officers of the Prison cannot any longer retain them in custody, nor can they any longer expend any money on their account. If they are discharged from the Prison, they become chargeable to the county of Westchester. If discharged from the Asylum, they become chargeable to New York. All power of the officers of the Prison over them has ceased, and they run the hazard of perishing from want.

'It is respectfully suggested, that, in such cases, it should be made the duty of the agent to take care of them until they could be returned to their friends, or to the charge of the proper authorities in the county where they were convicted.

'The importance of this suggestion will be manifest to all who, like the undersigned, become aware how much more frequently crime is the fruit of alienation of mind, than the world at large is willing to believe or admit.

'The number of insane among the convicts is 17.'

The inspectors of the *new penitentiary in Philadelphia* say, in their last report,—

'It not unfrequently happens, that there are received in our institution very improper subjects for the operation of Penitentiary reform.

'Of the whole number of prisoners under sentence during the year 1813, 6 were unable to acquire knowledge on account of their advanced age, 12 from indifference, *and* 27 *by reason of mental incapacity.*

'Thus, during the last year, about 5 per cent. of prisoners were unable to receive instruction in reading and writing, owing to mental disqualification, and this existing, it is believed, at the time of conviction.'

The physician says, in the same document, page 34.—

'At least 19 undoubted cases of defective intellect, consisting of imbecility, idiocy, dementia, and mania, have been received in the past year. Besides the subjects of these, others have entered in a state of mind that was at least doubtful, and several have come in with their reason unsettled, from great mental anguish.'

Again,—

'We have had under treatment, during the year, 5 recent cases of mental derangement, of which 3 existed, to a greater or less degree, before imprisonment.'

And again,—

'The total number of cases, old and new, (i. e, of mental derangement,) is 14: in addition to which, we have had 3 old cases dismissed by expiration of sentence,—making an aggregate of 17 cases, in the house some time in the course of the year. 6 of these 14 were more or less affected before committal.

'I feel bound respectfully to bespeak your consideration for some alteration, which, after further reflection, I shall take an opportunity to propose, in the treatment of lunatics who may hereafter come within your jurisdiction.

'As long, however, as the necessity arising from the want of a State Hospital continues, indigent idiots and lunatics, addicted to disorderly conduct, will be convicted of penal offences and sent to the Penitentiary.

'It behoves us, therefore, to consider the feasibility of adopting some means of mitigating the character of their confinement here.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

We have recently observed with great interest that many of the Foreign Journals and Reviews have lately introduced under the general title of Literary and Scientific Intelligence, the mention of Italy. It is an encouraging sign of the times that any fair prospect, or any hopeful enterprise in that country, should afford matter for a paragraph. The Roman Church, wherever it has had supreme control, resembles a great ulcer in the human body; all nourishment and all other disease goes immediately to it, and all the organs, limbs and members of the body, are prostrated to extreme weakness and decay. Italy is the oldest country under Christian civilization, and with the single exception of Spain, the next to it in years, it is the most melancholy spot of all Christendom. The Bishop of Rome, whose patrimony once covered its fair surface with its title deed, and extended off into provinces and islands, has been driven into a narrow strip of land between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, bounded North and South by the dominions of monarchs, who, if they adhere to his faith, care not for his ancient honor. He whose predecessors drew their tribute from all Christian lands, and kept their untold wealth in ready coffers, now sits upon a mortgaged chair in a mortgaged dwelling, and holds his melancholy interviews with the exchequer cardinal to devise means to prevent his debt of about fifty millions of dollars from exceeding an increase of more than a million in a year. The nominal annual salary allotted to each of the cardinals is five thousand dollars, and it is notorious that instead of receiving this sum, they must raise it from other quarters and pay it annually for their offices. These princely descendants of the Italian feudal barons of the middle ages succeed to a decayed State, and to an heavily encumbered inheritance. Happy are they of their number, who have a faithful domestic, whom they may trust to peddle the milk, the butter, the olives and other products from their villas, or to make them a fair allowance out of the fees obtained from the exhibition of their picture galleries to strangers. Every office, honor, dignity and occupation in the states of the Church is encumbered with mortgage or with a burdensome tax, though fifteen cents pays a hard laborer for his day's toil. All imaginable and unimaginable shifts are availed of to meet the necessities of the Church, in its efforts, like those of a faded beauty in the withered deformity of her age, to display and renew the ornaments and the artifices which once had power. The banker Torlonia pours some of his wealth into the exhausted coffers, and is made a Duke. The Earl of Shrewsbury connects a daughter in marriage with an Italian prince, and he expresses his sense of the honor by a splendid liberality. The fees, accruing from the examination of the passports of visiters at Rome, will more than meet the expenses of the municipal government of the city. A three years' cessation of travel into the Roman States would plunge them into all the horrors of famine, barbarism and civil war. And the common people of Italy, seen either in country or city, what an abject and degraded race of Christians, of human beings even, are they! With undressed sheep skins thrown over their shoulders, living on maccaroni, cabbage stalks, or large chesnuts, cooked in the street, and playing the most childish games in their listless and indolent groups, they show how low a corrupt system of religion may debase a people. On the numerous festas, or holidays appointed by the Church, they may be seen lounging in unholy indolence about the streets or roads, and out of every five carts seen in the country, four at least contain wine casks. The sound of the shuttles in the factory, improved by a foreigner on the Campus Martius, is evidently a discord in Rome. Signs of wealth and magnificence there certainly are, but they are either the remnants of a prosperous age, or the golden results of English or French bounty. Such is the state of the oldest country under Christian civilization. The campagna, with its rank fertility, its undrained and pestilential marshes, its fogs and malaria, girding the walls of Rome with a belt of from twelve to eighteen miles, between the sea and the mountains, is but too true a type of the influence of the Romish Church. The theory of that Church may be glorified to the skies, and it will be enough to reply that these are its fruits. They ought not to be, and never would be, the fruits of true Christianity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has no more affinity with such abuses, than has a convent with a foundling hospital. Yet the two latter are ever found in a close, juxtaposition, and so are the Romish Church, and a general prostration of all high public interests and virtues. Italy, Spain and Ireland are Romish countries. Holland, New England, and some cantons of Switzerland are Protestant countries. The whole issue between these two forms of religion might be safely confided to the results of a comparison between these countries where the one or the other form prevails. Where is there general intelligence, thrift, diligence in the six day's labor, domestic virtue and happiness, a generous interest in all works of benevolence, the fruits of true piety, a voluntary support and reverence paid to religion? Let the comparison decide.

What then can the Foreign Journals find to say of Italy under the head of Literary and Scientific Intelligence? Certain it is that within a few years the indefatigable collectors of statistics and facts, have found matters enough to make a paragraph. A letter in the London 'Athenæum' for November 2, gives a long list of recently published works from Italy, in history, biography, science, and belles lettres, and even in politics. It has been discovered that Machiavelli, after all, was not the unmitiged reprobate, which he has been deemed to be. The two great plagues of Milan have been found to be exceedingly interesting historic facts, on which to hang a new recital of the merits of the two Borromeos, uncle Charles and nephew Frederick. We have a new 'Biografia Italianna' from Venice, a 'History of Europe from 1700 to 1840' from Naples, a 'Complete and Original History of Italy' from Florence, and some new journals and periodicals from various parts of Italy and from Sicily. Literary Societies and clubs and Scientific unions have been established. That influences will be put in action, which will work with the all pervading discontent in Italy to bring about some change for the better, is a fact which is not prophecy, but inference. The degree, however, to which Austrian tyranny now extends over Italy, and combines with ecclesiastical domination, to repress all liberties of remembrance and association, may be gathered from the following striking fact. Count Massetti, a noble of Florence, purchased the house on the bank of the Arno in which Alfieri lived and died, that he might preserve it from destruction; and, with the grateful purpose of commemorating an historic character and fact, he inserted over the gate a white marble slab, with an Italian inscription, the English of which is,—'Here Victor Alfieri, the Prince of Italian Tragedy, for the glory and regeneration of Italy, wrote and died.' The Tuscan authorities allowed the inscription to pass their censorship, and gave permission for making it public. The people gazed upon it as it graced the honored mansion, and no revolution ensued. But soon the Austrian charge d'affaires at Florence protested against it in the name of his Emperor. His protest was at first thought to be only a joke, or if serious, only an exhibition of proud or dignified authority. A despatch from Vienna, however, soon proved that the imperial representative had spoken the mind of his Master, and in spite of public jeers, flings, satires, lampoons and pasquinades, the inscription was removed, in the name of Austria. So much for Italy, cursed as it is, in the name and by the pretended authority of Peter, with a religion, many of whose doctrines, and all of whose forms, he would not recognise as having anything to do with Christianity.

REV. MR. UPHAM, OF SALEM.

Rev. Charles W. Upham, Pastor of the First Church in Salem, has been compelled by ill health, to resign his ministry. He has been for many months suffering from an affection of the throat, which has incapacitated him from filling his pulpit, as the complaint is a return, in a more violent form, of a disease from which he suffered some years ago. He was ordained over the church in Salem, which is the most ancient church in the old Massachusetts colony, in the year 1824. He has been invited to go to New York or Brooklyn, as editor of a weekly religious paper, which our brethren are desirous of establishing, for the vindication, the exposition, and the extension of their faith. We sincerely hope that Mr. Upham will accede to the proposal, for his eminent Theological acquirements fit him for the work, and he would be surrounded by friends, by whom he is much esteemed. His resignation was accepted by his society on Monday last, and it was voted to present him with a year's salary, as a testimony of respect and gratitude for his services, and of sympathy for his illness. If his suspension of public speaking will leave him able to discharge the duties of an editor, we know of no one among our brethren, who could better fill the post which he is urged to accept. We understand that several gentlemen in New York and Brooklyn are ready to pledge themselves for a term of years to the support of a paper and its editor, so that money and will are not lacking, while such a paper, so sustained, would be a most effective instrument.

THE LONDON INQUIRER, AND THE LETTER ON SLAVERY.

The London Inquirer of November 2d contains the names of 130 ministers of the Unitarian denomination in the United States (somewhat less than half the number) who signed the reply to the Letter on Slavery, addressed to them by some English Unitarian ministers, in numbers constituting, also, about one half of the body in Great Britain. A Letter from the Committee in Boston, appointed to obtain subscriptions to the reply, and accounting for the delay in its transmission, is likewise published. It will be remembered by many of our readers, that, on the receipt, in England, of the Resolutions passed at the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association, on the subject of Slavery, the London Inquirer copied them, and accompanied them with some remarks, which hailed this action, as the first step taken by us, to redeem a culpable neglect. These remarks were published in our paper, with comments, by an esteemed friend and brother, who had a temporary charge of the paper during the absence of the editors. There was nothing in those comments, which we did not approve, as they simply stated the facts and opinions bearing upon the action of the American Unitarian Association. The editor of the 'Inquirer' seems to have misconceived the measure, and the design of the comments. The subject of Slavery was forced upon the notice of the Association by the action of a church in Savannah. The action upon it disclosed all sorts of opinions, no one of which was inconsistent with the principles on which the Association is gathered and organised. The wish has often been in our minds that the whole debate could have appeared in our columns. Our desire, likewise, has been, and is, that the whole subject might be presented before our brethren in England, together with a representation of all the conflicting opinions which prevail among us as to the wisest and most efficient means for action. We have resolved, as far as we have the right and power, that nothing shall appear in our paper, to palliate or excuse the enormities of Slavery, and that whenever reference is made to it, it shall be to express detestation of its atrocities, and a desire that those who sustain it may be advised or compelled to abolish it. There are, however, several ways of earning the honors of martyrdom on this subject, as our brother of the Inquirer would have learned if he had been amongst us during the last ten years. We know of but two Unitarian ministers in this country, who have the slightest concern, as a matter of individual implication in Slavery.—All the rest we believe to be as free to express, as they are to hold their opinions upon the subject. The praise for independence of opinion, is, now, very far from being all on one side.—That there is unbroken personal friendship and unqualified esteem entertained, between those who differ most widely, in their views, as to the best method of treating the iniquity, is a proof that each preserves something of his Christianity. An ignorance of the facts of the case, is the utmost that we should charge upon the editor of the Inquirer: That whatever may be his views about the supposed dereliction or pusillanimity of his brethren here, he holds them with all kindness and sincerity, we cannot for a moment doubt. In the meanwhile, we think we may assure him—speaking, as we have done above, only for ourselves, that the prospects of efficient Christian action upon this sin, which is an outrage upon humanity, and the curse and infamy of our country, daily improve and brighten.

After we had written the above we happened to peruse an article on the United States of America, in the 'North British Review,' the new Scotch Quarterly, which we presume was written by one of the recent deputation from the 'Free Church' to this country. The article in the main is an excellent one. (It is reprinted in Littell's Living Age, No. 31.) It presents some singular statements respecting Unitarianism, upon which we should have remarked, had we seen them a day earlier. But we were struck by a few paragraphs in which the writer, with remarkable clearness, classifies 'four pretty distinctly marked grades of opinion and sentiment upon the subject of Slavery,' as prevailing in the United States. We extract the paragraphs, which follow.

1st. The Abolitionists, technically so called, lay it down as their fundamental principle, that slaveholding is directly and in itself a sin, in the same sense in which murder is a sin; and that every man holding slaves, no matter though they may have come into his possession without any act of his own, and no matter though the civil law of the land may interpose the most serious obstacles in the way of his manumitting them, is *ipso facto*, a thief and a robber, and ought to be regarded and treated as such.

2d. A large class, while dissenting from this ultra-abolition principle, reckon themselves anti-slavery men, because they maintain, that the system of slavery is inconsistent with the natural rights of men, opposed to the moral bearing and general spirit of the Word of God, and injurious to the interests of religion, and on these grounds are anxious to see the system abolished; though they hold themselves precluded by the statements and conduct of the apostles from regarding mere slaveholding as in every instance, and independently of circumstances, essentially sinful, and on the same grounds, believe that the church of Christ is not called upon to apply the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline to mere slave-holding, or to sacrifice opportunities of preaching the Gospel and promoting the interests of religion, to agitating the general or abstract question of slavery. This view is entertained by a very numerous and influential body, comprehending, we believe, the great mass of the clergy in the free states. We confess that we do not see how, consistently with a due regard to scriptural authority and apostolic example, higher ground than this can be taken on the subject of slavery; and while we are half tempted to regret that it affords room for some considerations of expediency as to the time and way and manner of setting about the abolition of slavery, which cowardly and selfish men may misapply and pervert, that is no reason why we should go beyond the line of truth and evidence, and run into the ultra-abolition principle, merely because it is more decided and unequivocal.

3d. There are many, who, without holding any very definite principles on the general subject of slavery as a topic of abstract speculation, are desirous to see it abolished, on the ground of the great practical evils which are connected with it, and which seem inseparable from the system. This class usually concur with that last described, in condemning the laws by which slaves are prohibited being taught to read, the separation of members of the same family is sanctioned, and manumission is rendered almost impracticable.

4th. There are the approvers and defenders of slavery, the enactors and enforcers of these infamous laws just referred to. We have no wish to defend these men from the denunciation of the abolitionists, though we think, that the recollection of the fact, that by the constitution of the United States slavery cannot be abolished without their consent or permission, might have suggested the expediency of dealing with them in a somewhat more conciliatory way. Had the abolition of slavery in our colonies depended upon the consent of the West Indian interest, it would certainly have continued to exist at this day, and the Anti Slavery Society would probably have seen it to be their duty to adopt a mode of procedure different in some respects from that which, being admirably adapted to our circumstances, was crowned with such triumphant success.

The writer proceeds with calmness, and we must add with justice—feeling that we deserve our share of the censure—to charge upon those who are ranked with the second and third class of persons, the blame of not doing *something*, by way of remonstrance, instruction or effort, to redress the outrage, which they allow to be a sin against God and man, and a curse to their country. We wish we had space to copy all his remarks upon the subject, as they are wise and good.

For the Register.

MONUMENT TO DR. TUCKERMAN.

It will be recollected that a Committee was appointed in the spring of this year, to devise means to raise a monument at Mount Auburn, over the remains of the good Dr. Tuckerman; but, from some unaccountable reason, this application proved unsuccessful, and, from that time, until very recently, I have heard nothing more about it. I am informed that the committee are again moving in the matter, and I trust they will meet with a different result.—Time and again have I wandered over the beautiful grounds of our Mt. Auburn, and as I inquired for the place where rest the remains of him I loved so well, echo answered 'where,' and when the stranger asked for Tuckerman's tomb, the answer still was 'where!' I trust it will not long be so; and that *pride*, if not *love*, may soon mark the spot, around which will cluster so many fond associations, and the pilgrim missionary, from any place, may find it, and drink in the spirit which *his life* exhibited. Who that knew the good Dr. Tuckerman, did not love him; who, that has heard of him, did not reverence him; who that thinks of him is not improved by the reflection? It is useless to multiply words to express his character, or to awaken our love; *to know him is enough*. Let us, then, express our thought now of him in two ways, by our action: first, imitate his life of love and philanthropy, by going about doing good; secondly, manifest our regard for his memory, by raising a monument to his memory; and now I would ask if we have not enough among us, who would esteem it a privilege to contribute one dollar each to this object, and thus participate in love and work, to raise the desired monument, so that when we visit that charming city of our departed friends, we can look upon, and guide the stranger to the tomb of 'Tuckerman.'

So recently have monuments been raised over the remains of those kindred spirits, Worcester and Channing, it appears a particularly appropriate time to rear one to Dr. Tuckerman, so that in death, as in life, they shall not be separated, nor forgotten. W. B.

For the Register.

THE ORIENTAL CHURCHES.

Our attention has of late been frequently called to the Churches of the East, the region where the gospel was first proclaimed. The visit of a Nestorian bishop to our own country, the accounts of the persecutions sustained by his people since his return, the records of the rival operations of various sectarian missionaries among the Oriental Churches, the controversies between Congregationalists and Episcopalians here at home as to Missions in the East, the political schemes of England, France and Russia to gain an ascendency for their favorite priesthoods in Asia,—all have tended to give interest to the subject and turn our eyes towards the rising sun.

Sharing in this interest, our eye was caught by a notice of a series of discourses by Bishop Southgate upon the Oriental Churches, and we went to hear what this missionary prelate had to say. He is a pleasing speaker and gave a very good account of the doctrines and forms of the Eastern Christians. He made them all to be Episcopalians and opponents of the great Roman heresies. We do not propose to review all his statements, but merely touch upon one or two points. Much that he said was very judicious. Some things were very feeble and unguarded.

In illustrating the excellence of the system of the Eastern Churches, he claimed for them exemption from image-worship. Why did he not mention the notorious fact of the prevalence of picture worship in the East! He alludes to this in his book of travels among the Syrian Christians, but quotes the authority of a priest and palliates the practice on the ground of its being an abuse of a very innocent custom of employing pictures as helps to the imagination. What more can Dr. Wiseman or Bishop Hughes say in justification of the use of images of Saints and the Virgin by Roman Catholics? It is very obvious that without owning the authority of Rome, the Episcopal Churches of the East have the worst notions prevalent among Papists. They do not maintain the celibacy of the clergy, and yet, says Mr. Southgate, no minister can be married after ordination, and no married minister can be made a bishop till after his wife's decease. Evidently God's holy ordinance of matrimony is looked upon as something desecrating to the ministry, and the oriental ministers who marry, do so in violation of their idea of the highest purity of character. Most of the clergy do marry in the East, but this fact looks very much like an evasion of their doctrine of priestly chastity. They get round the doctrine by marrying before ordination and thus protecting themselves in the domestic state by the sanctity of the matrimonial form and the opprobium of divorce. The Roman Church is more true to its doctrine, though a false one.

One thought was uppermost in our mind as we listened to Bishop Southgate's interesting discourse. As he drew sanctions for the authority and order of the Episcopal system, we were constantly struck by his references to the different Episcopal denominations in the East, and their very quarrelsome spirit. Thus in Syria, or rather in the Syrian Church, there are no less than three prelates, who claim the title of Patriarch of Antioch and the primacy of the whole Church. For this fact see the preface of the narrative of the visit of Mr. S. to the Syrians. What an illustration of the beauties of Prelacy, and the frequent saying 'Our Church never divides.' Miserable sectarianism and pretended unity! Dissension is bad enough among the advocates of an individual right of judgment, but how much more inconsistent and bitter among these advocates of Church consolidation.

Nor are the ethics of the Orientals very beautiful specimens of the saving power of prelacy. We were led to look into Mr. Southgate's Book and there read of a barbarism among the claimants to the apostolical succession, that would horrify a pirate. At Diarbeker in 1841, he finds that some of the Kurds are dying in the streets of hunger. He is amazed. He sees a priest among the dying and expects to witness some charity in this anointed servant of the Church. The priest goes on unmoved. 'A body lies before him in his very path. He must step aside to avoid it. He does so and passes on. Near by lies a woman. She has rested her head upon a stone, but in her agony her head has moved back and hangs over the the stone, which is beneath her neck. In this position she is uttering the most heart-piercing cry for mercy. The priest, as he passes, turns his head, for a moment, in that direction. Who could avoid hearing such unearthly cries? He will stop and speak to her. No; he has gone by without deigning a second glance.' What a specimen of a Christian minister! He probably had at his tongue's end the arguments for the apostolical succession. Had he ever read the Parable of the Good Samaritan and a certain priest therein?

On conversing with several ecclesiastics of different ranks upon the sufferings of the Kurds, Mr. Southgate found that he lowered himself in their good opinion by taking interest in such miserable outcasts.

In what we have said of the Syrian Church, let it it be understood that its location is not in Syria, but Mesopotamia, and that the name probably is an abridgment of 'Assyrian.' Mr. Southgate's narrative is well worth the looking over both from the interest of the subject and the good spirit of the author.

Would that we could know something of the interior life of the Oriental Christians. In this respect the Syrians do not seem very promising. But the in Greek Church, the Church in which Chrysostom flourished, there must be much true spiritual life and high culture. Is the liberal tone of Clement and Origen and Chrysostom altogether without response in the East? Would that some one, who is not a chronicler of forms and ceremonies, would tell us how it is as to this matter.

For the Register.

THE LEVITICAL SACRIFICES, AND THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

NO. I.

What was the origin and nature of the Levitical sacrifices? On this question another great question turns—What was the nature and efficacy of the sacrifice of Christ? Our views of the one very considerably determine our views of the other. Most Christians view the latter through the medium of the former. The Levitical sacrifices, say they, were of Divine appointment, and a type of the death of Christ, which of consequence must be regarded as an expiatory offering for the sins of the world. Among the multitude of Christians, who connect human salvation with the expiatory sufferings of the Son of God, there is scarcely one who receives the doctrine on the bare declarations of the New Testament, but they view those declarations in the light of the Old. They regard the Mosaic ritual as a true type of the service which Christ performed; and the latter is the substance, which the former prefigurued. Nay, to teach us how to be saved through Christ's death, they consider the express design of the institution of the Jewish sacrifices. On this point we join issue. There is no warrant in the Scriptures for such views. The record is directly opposed to them. Our inquiries will be the expansion and illustration of the following just acknowledgment of Doddridge. 'It was merely by an *arbitrary* appointment, that *blood* and *ashes*, which in themselves are rather defiling, should be the methods of [external] purification; but a *death* like that of our blessed Lord, has *in itself* a proper and mighty energy to promote the purification of the soul.'*

The first mention that we have of sacrifices and offerings, is in the history of Cain and Abel. They brought their respective oferings to the Lord—Abel, a shepherd, 'brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof;' Cain, a husbandman, 'brought of the fruit of the ground'—each one according to his mode of life and occupation. Abel's was accepted, Cain's was not. And why? The reason, as it lies on the very face of the narration, was in the different characters of the two. 'If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?'—this address to Cain obviously asserts the fact, that Cain was refused on account of ill-doing, and Abel accepted on account of well-doing. The reason is explained substantially in the same way by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews—'By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain'—a faith which, according to the same writer, consists simply in 'believing that God is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him'—a faith, therefore, which was not at all concerned in looking forward to a future atonement, as those theologians assert, who teach that the ancient sacrifices were accepted on the ground of faith in the prefigured sacrifice of Christ. The two accounts differ simply, in that one gives the character as manifested in the act of well-doing, or ill-doing, and the other gives the principle in faith, or the want of it—the faith of filial confidence, the obedient temper of a child of God. Here then it lies, on the face of the record, that the first sacrifices and offerings of the human race were voluntary. It was their method of acknowledging, that they themselves, and their possessions belonged to the great Creator. And God was pleased to give some visible token of his acceptance, where the offering came from filial, confiding hearts. The sacrifices and offerings owed all their virtue and significance to the dispositions that prompted them, and were manifested in them.

The next account that we have of sacrifices, is in the history of Noah, after he with his family left the ark, though it is natural to suppose they were continued all along up to his time. He took of every kind of clean beast and fowl, and having built an altar, 'offered burnt-offerings' thereon. And they were accepted, because, of Noah as of Abel, it is written, that he exercised faith in God. There is no hint that they were any other than free-will offerings. From him they passed again into the human family. They occur in the history of the patriarchs, they were mentioned by the Israelites to Pharaoh on their exodus from Egypt, they were practised by Jethro the Midianite, the father-in-law of Moses, they seem to have been everywhere observed. But no trace, up to the Levitical law, is found of their being a divine institution. They spread out from that ritual to the surrounding nations, but were taken into it from them. Sacrifices were a universal practice up to that period, they were so afterward. This is all that can be said. How much of a sacred divine appointment their reception into the Jewish ritual gave them, will by and by be apparent. N. S. F.

* Exposition of Heb. ix, 13, 14. The italics are his.

For the Register.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REPORT.

NINTH. RESULTS IN FUTURE.

Can better results then be anticipated in future? The writer from Dublin says, 'We cannot doubt it. In most of our Sunday Schools, the once taught are becoming teachers. They are able from experience to point out past defects. The subjects of the lessons having been early impressed, must be more familiar to their minds, and thus they will feel more free in their exercises than could be expected of those who never attended a Sunday School except as teachers. We have much to encourage us in regard to future success. There is more intercourse than formerly, between teachers and superintendents of different Sunday Schools. The Boston Sunday School Association are every year giving us efficient aid in the work. Thus a new interest has been awakened and a stronger confidence is felt that the means used for the religious culture of the young will more and more avail to the production of the wished for results.' The writer from Keene says, 'When we lift our eyes upon the future, we cannot but hope as we trust in God and the Gospel, that better results will be granted to the prayers and labors of Sunday School teachers. The longer such an institution is in operation the better it can be plied. Shall there be improvement on improvement in weaving cotton cloth, and none in weaving the web of human characters? Many of those now having the charge and direction of Sunday Shools were not themselves educated in them, and cannot therefore as well appreciate their bearing upon the heart of childhood. But when those, who have been well trained in them, shall become teachers and superintendents, they will be able to act from their own experience. This encourages us to hope for better results hereafter. The introduction of more moral and religious influence into our common schools would also co-operate favorably with the advancement of Sunday School instruction, and contribute to more marked results. In all these things we cannot go back, we believe we shall go forward.'

The writer from Walpole says, 'When those who have been for years instructed in Sunday Schools shall have come of age, and have the spirit to take classes, they will make from all their experience as pupils, the very best of teachers. They will know the wants, the difficulties, and they will know how to meet them.'

The writer from Wilton says, 'It is to be hoped, that, by the union of practice with theory, we can anticipate better results. But to effect this, accidental education must be regarded. The influences at home must be salutary. The child must be morally strengthened by moral action, and encouraged by vanquishing temptations which are not superior to his spiritual power. The teachings of the Sunday School should be referred to by the parent through the week, and when opportunity occurs for the child to put them in practice, that opportunity should not be neglected. It would be expecting too much of this institution to suppose it capable of itself alone to train the child for happiness. Other influences must co-operate, otherwise however careful the teachers, however excellent the instruction received one day in *seven*, the education of the remaining *six* days will entirely nullify it, and the blame be laid to the deficiency of Sunday School teaching, which ought in truth to be attributed to other causes. Is not the neglect of parents to impress the Sunday lesson on the mind of the child through the week, one cause of the inefficiency of our Sunday Schools?'

So copious and satisfactory have been the remarks of our several correspondents, that it is unnecessary for the Secretary to attempt to add any thing. He will only say in conclusion, to parents and teachers, the friends and supporters of Sunday Schools, faint not, nor be discouraged in your efforts to sustain and improve and make more effective this institution. The full harvest is not yet. We are now enjoying only the first fruits of the labors of the Sunday School teacher. In due season we shall reap an abundant harvest. But the work is not yet accomplished. There must yet be toil and patience, and prayer. Persevere, be faithful, have faith, and trust in the power of Christian truth to wake into life the spiritual energies even of childhood; make the Sunday School what it may and should be, and future generations to the end of time will receive a blessing at your hands.

Respectfully submitted,

C. Cutler.

Thus closes this excellent report which we trust has been read by every parent, pastor and Sunday School teacher. It is full of practical thought, and presents in general, a true picture of the condition, value and wants of the Sunday School as an instrument for the religious education of the young. The report is creditable alike to the ministers of this Association for the proof it gives of their continuous devotion to the subject and their efficient action in connection with it; and to the Secretary for the fidelity and skill in its arrangement and presentation for the benefit of others. P.

Errata. In the communication referring to the letter on slavery, in your last paper, instead of 'if the *first* amendment should be carefully studied' read, 'if the *fourth* amendment' &c.; and instead of 'It is these two clauses alone, that constitutes us free citizens of the United States,' read, 'Those two clauses alone, to say nothing of any others, constitute us free citizens of United States.'

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Robins, or Domestic Life among the Birds, with Anecdotes of other Animals, by Mrs. Trimmer.

Flowers for Children, in Prose and Verse, by L. Maria Child: No. 1 for Children eight or nine years old.

The Favorite Scholar, by Mary Howitt, and other Tales, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Charles C. Clark, and James D. Haas.

Turns of Fortune, and other Tales, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Above are the titles of four little volumes, published by C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, New York, and by J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street, Boston. These publishers esteem it their duty, and we hope they find it for their interest, to anticipate Christmas and New-Year's days, with some pretty juvenile works. Nor can they do better than employ the pens of the well known and approved writers, whose names are attached to the above.—We believe that the preparation of books for children has now well nigh attained a state of perfection. Parents are indebted to the Messrs. Francis for giving them, always, books of an unexceptionable character, of interest, and of real value. The surest proof of the excellence of a child's book, is, that when a grown person takes it up merely to glance at it, he should be so attracted and engaged by it, as to be induced to go through it himself. The books now before us have stood that test, and we therefore, recommend to parents to purchase the four, and to decide for themselves, without leaving to our judgment, which is the best.

Niels Kline's Journey under the ground: being a narrative of his wonderful descent to the subterranean lands; together with an account of the sensible animals and trees inhabiting the Planet Nazar, and the Firmament, by Louis Holberg; translated from the Danish by John Gierlow, with a sketch of the Author's life. Boston, Saxton & Pierce; 12mo, pp. 190.

The beautiful print, and the tasteful mechanical execution of it, will facilitate the perusal, which is invited by its extraordinary title. The title, however, is, evidently, not given to this book, as grotesque titles have of late been given to many books, to attract an interest which is not sustained by its contents. This book really answers to its title, that is, it contains conceptions, descriptions, images and sketches, we were about to say, of an *unearthly*, but we must say, of a *sub*-earthly character. 'The men seen as trees walking,' was a deception, which, of old, intervened between the darkness and the light of the eyes, and it seems to have come up again in the experience of Mr Kline. The book is designed, like the Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore, to inculcate certain lessons of political wisdom, certain views of life, wisdom and conduct, and to satirize follies, which it is vain to attack in any other way. The general object of the author is to ridicule the superstitions and the shallow conceits which prevailed around him, and which were fostered by so many writers and travellers. Baron Holberg, the author, was one of the most distinguished and one of the most voluminous authors of Denmark, was a great traveller, and received many honors.—His book will amuse and instruct. It is ornamented with some striking engravings.

The Mysteries Opened; or *Scriptural Views of Preaching*, and the Sacraments, as distinguished from certain Theories, concerning Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence: by the Rev. John Stone, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, New York.

Those of our readers, who have been favored with a personal acquaintance with the author of this volume, or who have had opportunities of knowing of his wise and faithful course, as one of the ministers of this city, would be ready to expect beforehand, what they will not fail to find in its pages,—sound sense, good theological learning, an excellent spirit, and, what in these days, is no inconsiderable virtue in the clergy of his church, *reverence, beyond all other authority, of the word of God*. It was his perception of the want of this reverence in one of the prominent divisions of that church, that prompted him to this work. Dr. Stone has no sympathy with his brethren, of whom the number is not small, who set the authority of the 'admirable Liturgy,' and the articles, and the canons, at least, as high as the Holy Scriptures themselves. He has evidently 'learned, and inwardly digested, that best of all the 'Thirty-nine,' that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought necessary to salvation;' and his book itself is based upon the principle, which he quotes, with approbation from the writings of the late venerable Bishop Griswold, that, in cases of apparent conflict 'the Prayer-book must be explained into an agreement with the Bible, and not the Bible into an agreement with the Prayer-book.'

It is, indeed, refreshing, in these days of return to papal Rome, and to what Rome teaches or bestows; when, within the bosom of a church that once counted it a glory to be called 'the *Protestant* Episcopal Church,' we find those, who, if they could, would gladly blot out the name, and make it the 'holy Catholic church;'—when we hear so much of 'the Holy Mother,' and of Apostolic fathers; of bishops descending from St. Peter, and 'saints, with aching limbs building cathedrals;'* when we read, in these latter days of '*the churches*, within whose every open portal stands a laver, whose heaven-blessed waters can cleanse the foulest stain that man or kind ever bore,' and on whose altar lies a bloodless sacrifice, and *in mystic form upon the paten and the chalice, she offers that body that for us once hung upon the cursed tree*,' &c. &c.,—is refreshing, we repeat, to return to the sober Protestantism, to the honest investigation, and in the proper sense of the word, the *catholic* spirit which these pages exhibit.

We should not, of course, concur with the respected author, in all his views. Did any occasion or necessity call, we should feel compelled to express something of dissent. But the church, of which he is the faithful defender would, in these her times of division, have cause to rejoice, could she number many of equal learning, of like ability in her pulpits, and of like catholicism of temper.

Did our limits, at present, permit, we should gladly quote a few extracts from this meritorious work. But we can only ask our readers to contrast the assumption of Bishop Hobart, in his companion for the altar, that, 'where the Gospel is proclaimed, communion with the church, *by the participation of its ordinances at the hands of the duly authorised priesthood*, is *the indispensable condition of salvation*,' with these few sentences from Dr. Stone, in which he gives the sum, or leading principles of his book 'The sole end of God, in all his gracious deal

The Fashionable Tour. By Mrs. [illegible], pp. 142.

This is [illegible] merous [illegible] of whose Mrs. Opie ist and no setting fo happiness publicatio good serv the above

Essays on Archibald ments, b Boston,

The Ha rhetorical best books oric and some hard works on ue to be

…gs with us, is the renewal and sanctification of our sinful natures: the sole agent of this necessary change is the Holy Spirit: the sole instrument, which the Spirit uses in this work, is divine truth. While both preaching and sacraments are but channels of equally divine appointment, through which, in their proper places, order, and degree, that Spirit pours the energy of truth, in all its renewing and sanctifying light upon waiting, inquiring, and obedient minds.'

'Keep these principles in view, and the church will be, to us, full of life.' 'Lose sight of these principles, and the church is in danger of becoming but a body of death; and the way, along which she leads us, begins to be overhung with the darkness of error, superstition, and fearful peril to our souls.' P. 392.

* See a letter to Professor Edwards A. Park, of Andover Theological Seminary, touching his late sermon before the Pastoral Association.

'Mind among the Spindles,' a Miscellany wholly composed by the Factory Girls. Selected from the Lowell Offering, with an introduction by the English editor, and a letter from Harriet Martineau. Boston, Jordan, Swift & Wiley, 1845.

'Mind among the Spindles.' This is the significant title of an exceedingly pleasant work, extracted from American sources, compiled by an English editor, recommended by Harriet Martineau, and just republished in this city, by our own booksellers. We do not wonder that our friends in England are surprised at a literary work like the Lowell Offering, produced by the girls of a factory. Judging by the education, means, and character, of persons in like condition in their own country, such a production would be viewed, not as a phenomena only, but as an absolute impossibility. And, if national jealousies did not prevent, well might they regard with admiration, as well as surprise, a company of girls laboring diligently, all day, in manual employments, and devoting the leisure of their evenings to literary efforts, or to religious meetings.

'The qualities,' remarks this candid English editor, 'which most struck us in these volumes, were chiefly these. *First*, there is an entire absence of all pretences, in the writers, to be what they are not. They are factory girls, and they call themselves 'girls.' They have no desire to be fine ladies, nor do they call themselves ladies, as the common fashion is of most American females. They have no affectation of gentility, and, by a natural consequence, they are essentially free from all vulgarity. They describe the scenes among which they live, their labors and their pleasures, the little follies of some, the pure tastes and unexpensive enjoyments of others. They feel, and constantly proclaim, without any effort, that they think it an honor to labor with their hands. They recognize the dignity of all useful employments; They know that there is no occupation really unworthy of men or women, but the selfish pursuit of what is called pleasure, without the desire to promote the good of others.'— '*Secondly*, many of these papers clearly show under what influences these young women have been brought up. An earnest feeling of piety pervades their recollections of the past, and their hopes for the future. They are constantly describing the secluded *farm-house* where they were reared, the mother's love, the father's labors.' 'Then, *thirdly*, there is a genuine patriotism in the tone of many of these productions, which is altogether worthy of the stern freemen, who, in the New England solitudes, looked fearfully back upon their father-land.'— 'It is pleasant, also, to find that many of these tales are of the mills, and of those who work in them; that they inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence. A strong feeling for the beauties of nature, as displayed in the solitudes the writers have left at home, breathes through their pages, like wholesome village air, with very scant allusions to fine clothes, fine marriages, fine houses, or fine life.'

The preface of the English editor closes with a very pleasing letter from Miss Martineau.— It is dated from her abode of sickness and confinement, ar Tynemouth, May 20, 1841, and presents a correct and highly interesting picture of the appearance and employments of the factory girls as she herself saw them, at Waltham and at Lowell. She speaks with particular satisfaction, of what she observed of 'the invigorating effects of MIND in a life of labor. Twice the wages,' she says, 'and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw, happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind, which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity.'

We are glad to find a work of this sort published in England. The remarks of the London editor are characterized by unusual fairness and liberality of feeling; and the sincere satisfaction he seems to take in the condition of things in the factories of New England—the more than comfortable living, the good wages, the *cheerful* industry, and the high moral tone pervading the whole system, so strongly contrasted, as he knows it to be, with the characters and prospects of operatives in British factories—does credit to his candor and benevolence.

We earnestly hope that this happy state of things may always continue among us, and that we shall never be doomed to see, at Lowell, at Waltham, or any other factories of New England, the squalid looks, the exhausted frames, the almost unmitigated misery—the fruits, at once of stern poverty and revolting profligacy, which the stranger is pained to witness within the work-shops of England.

The Fashionable Wife, and Unfashionable Husband. By Mrs. Opie. Boston: Saxton & Peirce, 16mo. pp. 142.

This is one of the most excellent of the numerous tales of that distinguished authoress, all of whose works are of the purest character. Mrs. Opie has done the work of preacher, moralist and novelist, to more than one generation, by setting forth truth and virtue, simplicity and happiness, in the most engaging forms. The publication of her stories in a cheap style, is a good service to the community, and we hope the above publishers will continue the work.

Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By Archibald Alison, with Corrections and Improvements, by Abraham Mills. New York, Harpers; Boston, Saxton & Pierce, 12mo. pp. 461.

The Harpers seem of late to have opened a rhetorical vein, having lately republished the best books on the kindred themes of logic, rhetoric and Taste. The eccentric Cobbett passed some hard criticisms upon the standard English works on these subjects, but Alison will continue to be used and valued. The present edition is in fair type, and Mr. Mills' labors have been profitably employed in adding to its merits.

*** We would direct the attention of our readers to the notice in another column, of the Committee, calling a meeting of all those interested in the erection of a monument at Mount Auburn, to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. Tuckerman. We hope this meeting will be fully attended, and that measures will be immediately taken, to accomplish the proposed object. It may be said that a noble monument to Dr. Tuckerman is already erected in our free Chapels—and the Ministry at Large connected with them. This is true; yet it is meet, that his grave should be marked by some token of the affectionate veneration and gratitude, with which his name is hallowed in many hearts.

*** We would also call the attention of our readers to the notice of a Fair to be held on the 19th and 20th inst., for the benefit of the Female Orphan Asylum. This is one of our most deserving and important charities, having a strong claim upon the sympathies of the benevolent. We hope that the Fair will be fully attended, and that the proceeds will afford a gratifying manifestation of the interest felt in the institution and the confidence reposed in its faithful and indefatigable Managers.

*** Rev. Mr. Harrington's service at the Warren Street Chapel, is suspended for the present.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE PARISH OF HURST.

Fellow Parishioners, In laying before you the following statement and correspondence, I wish in the first place to inform you, that I had indulged a hope that the minister of our parish would have yielded to the suggestions which were made to him at the commencement of the unhappy differences which have arisen out of the late innovation introduced by him with reference to the Offertory. Anxious to prevent the growth of discord, and feeling great private friendship for Mr. Cameron, I did not communicate to any one my intention to consult any legal authority on the point, and therefore I prepared a case containing merely my own reasons for demurring to the innovations in question.

I now submit to your perusal all the documents relating to this transaction; reserving to the end my own remarks thereon. I shall begin with the case laid before Dr. Addams:—

No. 1.

Case for Opinion.

About six weeks ago the Minister of the parish of Hurst gave notice in his church, that he proposed preaching a sermon for the benefit of the Berkshire Hospital, and that collection would be made whilst he read the Offertory on the ensuing four Sundays.

Although this repetition of the call upon the congregation was unusual, yet no particular objection was made to it, from respect to the Minister; but when the four Sundays of collection had expired, the Minister intimated that the success of his appeal induced him now to notify that he should read the Offertory on every succeeding Sunday, appropriating the contributions to the purposes expressed in a card, which was subsequently placed in every pew, and which is herewith left; having, however, stated in the pulpit, that the collection on the fifth Sunday would partly be applied to make up for scantiness of wages in the case of large families.

Mr. Walter, an inhabitant of the parish, feels aggrieved by the proposed arrangement of monthly collections for the Berkshire Hospital, his family being regular subscribers to that institution; for although the giving is stated to be optional, yet it seems an indecorum to refuse a contribution sanctioned by clerical authority. Mr. Walter being also engaged in erecting a church in another part of the parish feels it a grievance to be continually called on in the meantime to subscribe for building churches elsewhere. He entertains, besides, great doubts as to the utility of some of the other objects contemplated by the Minister, between whom and his parishioners the greatest harmony has hitherto prevailed.

A suitable representation has been made to him in the most amicable spirit, but ineffectually.

As there is reason to apprehend that further novelties may be introduced if the system now adopted shall be acquiesced in, and as such changes are liable to lead to disunion in the parish, Mr. Walter is desirous to learn whether the minister and church wardens can legally order collections for objects not parochial, without the sanction of some superior authority, such as a Queen's Letter.

In the event of your considering that the words 'pious uses' comprehend such objects as the minister assumes according to the words of the rubric.

Dr. Addams is requested to peruse the accompanying card, and to give his opinion as to the curate of Hurst's proposed course of proceeding; and whether any—and if any, what—steps can be taken on behalf of Mr. Walter, or any other parishioner of Hurst, to put a stop to it.

Rubrics from the Prayer Book, referring to the Offertory.

(After the Nicene Creed, and direction about Notices, &c.)

'Then shall the Priest return to the Lord's table, and begin the Offertory, saying one or more of these sentences following, &c.':—

'Whilst these sentences are in reading, the Deacons, Church wardens, or other fit person appointed for that purpose, shall receive the Alms for the Poor, and other devotions of the people, in a decent basin to be provided by the Parish for that purpose; and reverently bring it to the priest, who shall humbly present and place it upon the Holy Table.'

(Heading of the Collects at the end of the Communion Service.)

'Collects to be said after the Offertory, when there is no Communion, every such day one or more.'

(Rubics at the end.)

'Upon the Sundays and other Holydays (if there be no Communion) shall be said all that is appointed at the Communion, until the end of the general Prayer [for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth], together with one or more of these Collects last before rehearsed, concluding with the Blessing.'

'After the Divine Service ended, the money given at the Offertory shall be disposed of to such pious and charitable uses as the Minister and Churchwardens shall think fit: wherein if they disagree it shall be disposed of as the Ordinary shall appoint.'

Arrangement of 'pious and charitable uses' to which the Money so collected in this Church is to be applied, as agreed upon by the Minister and Churchwardens:—

On those Sundays (usually the 1st in the month) and Holydays, when there is a Communion,—to the comfort and relief of the 'sick and needy' in the Parish.

On the *second* Sunday in each month (if there be no Communion,—to the general Fund of the Royal Berks Hospital.

On the *third* Sunday—for the assistance of the Church in our own country—namely, in aid of the Society for Building Churches; the Society for the employment of additional Curates in populous places; or the National Society for the Church Education of the Poor.

On the *fourth* Sunday,—for the support and extension of the Church in our Possessions abroad—namely, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

On the *fifth* Sunday (when one occurs), as on the *first*.

N. B. When there is a Communion, the Collection will be made *from the whole congregation*; and a pause will be made *after* the prayer 'for Christ's Church militant on earth,' for those who are *not* minded to come to the holy Communion,' to depart.

'He that soweth little shall reap little; and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. *Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.*'—II Corinthians, ix.

'Be merciful after thy power. *If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little;* for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.'—Tobit, iv.

A. A. Cameron, Perpetual Curate.
Hurst, Oct. 1, 1844.

Albert Gallatin. This distinguished gentleman was born in Geneva, 29th January, 1761—and is descended from a noble family. In 1779, he completed his education at Geneva, and, early in 1780, departed for the United States, landing at Boston on the 14th July, 1780; and, as a volunteer immediately joined a body of American troops, and furnished funds for the support of them. In 1783 he was appointed Professor of the French language at Harvard College. In 1784 he purchased lands in Virginia, and became a citizen of the United States, in that State, in 1785. Having removed to Pennsylvania, he was elected a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution of the State in 1789, a member of the Legislature in 1790, and in 1794, a member of the Senate of the United States. The Senate, however, by a majority of one vote, all the federal party voting against Mr. G., declared him ineligible, on the plea of his not having been a sufficient length of time a citizen of the United States. As soon as the decision of the Senate was known, he was simultaneously elected a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania for Fayette County, and a member of the House of Representatives of the United States for Washington County, (where he had never resided.) He took his seat in the last mentioned body in 1796, and remained therein a most active and efficient leader of the republican party, until 1801; when, on Mr. Jefferson's election to the Presidency he was made Secretary of the Treasury; he fulfilled the arduous duties attached to this Department for twelve years, with distinguished reputation and ability. In 1813 he was appointed, with Messrs. Adams and Bayard, to proceed to Russia to negotiate with Great Britain, under the mediation of the Emperor—but, as he had not yet resigned his place of Secretary of the Treasury, the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. He soon after resigned his Secretaryship, and was then appointed together with Messrs. Adams and Clay, to proceed to Ghent, where the treaty of peace between us and Great Britain was signed. In 1816 he was appointed Minister to France, and resigned in 1823 and returned home. In 1824 he was nominated in Virginia, Pennsylvania, and we believe, in other States, as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, which honor he declined, in a letter dated Fayette County, (Pa.) Oct. 2, 1824. In 1826 he was appointed Minister to Great Britain. For the last sixteen or seventeen years, he has led a life of retirement, residing chiefly in New York, and is now in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He has not escaped the infirmities of years, but his intellect is still vigorous, and his colloquial powers as pleasing as ever.

Late from Oregon. We have read letters from the Oregon territory, brought overland, and mailed at the extreme western frontier of the United States. They are as late as June 17th, from the Methodist missionary station at the Willamette.

The Rev. Mr Gary, who was sent out by that missionary society, had arrived at Willamette *via* the Sandwich Islands, himself and wife in good health. Mr Gary had been but a short time in Oregon when an opportunity offered of sending a communication to the board of missions, by a small party who were about to return to the United States. He had, however seen all the mission family, except the Rev. Mr Perkins, who was at a far distant post.

The missionaries and their families were in good health at the date above mentioned. No event of special interest, regarding the mission, had taken place since the last previous advices.

Mr Gary concurs with several missionaries who have returned from that fr country, in the opinion that the natives are a degraded race of beings, and there is little prospect of doing them permanent good by any ministerial labor which may be expended among them. [N. Y. Com. Adv.

Legislation in Vermont. The Legislature of Vermont has passed an act for the Geological Survey of the State; an act abolishing the military system, so far as regards the enrolled militia; an act relating to dealers in spiritous liquors, to innkeepers, &c; providing for the election of three commissioners of each county, in the month of January, to have control of the subject of license; an act modifying the act of 1842, relating to capital punishment, so that sentence of death should not be executed short of one year, and making it the order of the judge to order execution within three months after the year.

Mr Everett, our minister to England, stated, in a speech at an agricultural meeting, at Derby, in July, 1843, Earl Spencer in the chair, that, although the commerce between Great Britain and the United States was twice as great as between England and any other country, yet the whole of the products, passing to and fro, was not worth so much as the *oats and beans* raised in Great Britain, as proved by their agricultural statistics, and that the entire value of the products employing British navigation all the world over, was not equal to the *grass* grown in Great Britain. Such is the importance of agriculture to every nation.

Electro Plating. Scarcely a month elapses without our having to record some addition to an already crowded list of benefits conferred upon society by that novelty in science—the electrotype. Yet have we now another consequence of well directed scientific judgment, no less important than any of its predecessors; we allude to the electro-plating of every description of iron work with zinc and copper. By this process the zinc is so cheaply applied as to be little more expensive than ordinary oil painting. The only protecting coating hitherto used to iron has been tin; this metal being galvanically negative to iron, operates to induce and increase oxidation, and it is often found that while the tin is perfectly sound, the iron below is corroded. This does not take place when zincs is the protecting metal, it being electro-positive to iron. [London paper.

Simple Cure for Croup. We find in the Journal of Health the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of almost agony at the bedside of loved children, will treasure it up as an invaluable piece of information:—If a child is taken with croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest, with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. So soon as possible, let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.

American Soft Coal. The bituminous coal of the Allegany region in Maryland, is now finding its way to the northern market, and is highly praised and will command a profitable price. It is rather preferable to Liverpool in not throwing out a burning and fierce heat, and not so soon exhausting itself; it kindles as easily as Liverpool, without possessing as much bitumen, keeps burning longer, consumes less, and throws out a regular and steady, but not as powerful a heat and blaze.

Simple Mode of Purifying Water. It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A table-spoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the time) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful. [Southern Planter.

Slavery in Delaware. It is stated that the citizens of Wilmington, Del. have held a public meeting, and passed resolutions to the effect, that slavery ought to be abolished in that State, at the next session of the Legislature.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The Steamship Caledonia reached the wharf at East Boston on Saturday forenoon. She met with much bad weather and her bulwarks were stove in and two casks of water and two life-boats were washed from the decks. When three days out from Liverpool, she encountered severe gales, and made but fifty miles in twenty-four hours. She was detained off Halifax twelve hours by the fog, and 12 hours also from the same off Boston.

By this arrival, we have both London and Liverpool papers to the 19th ult.

The steamer Acadia, Capt. Harrison, arrived at Liverpool on the 14th ult. She experienced rough weather during nearly the whole voyage.

The steamer Great Britain has been unable to leave Bristol on her trial trip, and it is now said that another month must elapse before she can take advantage of the high tides and proceed to sea.

The newly appointed Consul for the United States, the Honorable Joel W. White, has arrived in Liverpool, and having been approved of by the Queen, has commenced his official duties at the port of Liverpool.

The discovery of a forgery of Bank of England notes has created great excitement among all who are acquainted with it, as there is every probability of the fraud having been carried on to a most alarming extent.

Liverpool, Nov. 10. The Cotton market—that great index of the manufacturing and commercial prosperity of the country—continues in a quiet, healthy state. In the early part of last week an improvement to the extent of 1-8d per lb took place, but towards the end it fell off, and the week closed rather heavily. Yesterday there was not much doing, but the trade buy moderately, and the market is freely supplied. The price of the staple is favorable for manufacturers, and in the absence of all excitement they buy as much as will satisfy their wants, and no more. Freights from Liverpool are rather higher, owing to the quantity of goods offering being greater; but the shipping trade, nevertheless, is far from being brisk. Yesterday, there was a sale of American Candles at this port, which, from the novelty of the circumstance, excited some interest. The official returns of the Imports, show a vastly increased consumption on that of last year, and still greater as compared with the consumption of the previous year.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has adopted strong resolutions for securing the repeal of the duty on raw cotton. The amount of the duty is three quarters of a million sterling —a large sum, forming no inconsiderable item in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's annual budget. But the tax is found to be so oppressive,—so injurious to the operations of the English manufacturer, crippling his power, and preventing him from competing with his foreign rival, that it is more than probable Ministers, during the ensuing meeting at Parliament, will consent to give it up. Although the duty is only 5-16ths of a penny per pound, it is equal, the manufacturers say, to ten per cent. on the manufactured article: one establishment, on the year's produce, pays upwards of £20,000 more than the American manufacturer.

In Manchester there is a good business doing in cloth, especially Printing Cloths, though still there is an active demand for Shirtings and Long cloths, but China and India shirtings are 1 1-2d a piece lower in price; Twist is in ready sale. In Leeds and Huddersfield, the mild weather prevents an active sale of winter goods.

The demand for shirtings for the Chinese market is prodigious. The export in this article alone will, it is said, exceed that of last year by 1,500,000 pieces.

Guano. The arrivals of this article during the last eight days are 2,400 tons, by four vessels. £5 10s has been accepted for a quantity on the spot, at that price there are sellers of cargoes to arrive from this period to the end of the year. For delivery first three months £5 15s to £6; at the latter price the delivery is guaranteed. Peruvian £10 to £10 10s.

Ireland. The repeal agitation remained without movement. Murders, however, were continually committed, the county of Tipperary being particularly distinguished for its cold-blooded atrocity, with which crime was committed.

Sir Arthur Gloster, of Meylish, in the county of Clare, who had ejected several tenants for non-payment of rent, was waylaid and shot dead in his gig.

The rains have been so heavy, recently, in some parts of Ireland, that the rivers have overflowed, and great damage has been done by floods. In Kilkenny, and other places the devastation has been extensive, bridges have been swept away, houses flooded, and in some instances submerged, and roads rendered impassable.

France. Duke D'Aumale left Paris, with the Prince de Joinville, on Tuesday, for Naples. On the 24th he is to be married to the Princess Caroline Augusta, daughter of the Prince of Salerno, and cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.

A large quantity of guano, it is said, has been found on the towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, the deposit of the fowls which for so long a time have retreated there.

Spain. Spain now absorbs, almost exclusively, the attention of the quid-nuncs. From the turn which the debate in the Chamber of Deputies at Madrid has taken, it is tolerably clear that the new constitution, which has been propounded by ministers, will not receive even the semblance of a modification.

Poland. The Silesian Gazette states, that in August last a secret association for political purposes was discovered in the kingdom of Poland, and many arrests were made at Warsaw and other places. Three lawyers have been condemned to hard labor for life in Siberia, and 18 others to the like punishment for ten years; all the property of the condemned to be confiscated.

China. The latest accounts from China are to the 13th of July. On that day, the Governor of Canton, Kehung, died of old age. He is said to have been the only Governor of that province who has been removed by death, and thus avoided disgrace; and even he has been slightly fined by the paternal Government.

By the bursting of a boiler on the Thames, on board a steamer called the Gypsey Queen a new iron vessel, of 600 tons, and 300 horse power, seven persons lost their lives, and five more were seriously injured.

A terrible murrain is raging among the cattle in the south of Russia, more especially in the neighborhood of Odessa.

The famous Professor Liebig, after a long sojourn in England, has returned to Germany.

They are getting up cheap trains on nearly all the railroads in England for carrying passengers in covered cars at a penny per mile.

Robbery in Brighton. Mr. Sylvanus Phipps, a drover, of Framingham, was robbed of $500 at the Cattle Fair Hotel in Brighton, on Tuesday evening. The thief entered his room, and abstracted the money from his pocket-book. An attempt was made at the same time to enter an adjoining room, where there was a still larger amount of money. The man who committed the robbery, is supposed to be a stranger who went out to Brighton in the omnibus from this city the same evening, put up at the Hotel, but was missing the next morning. [Mail.

Northampton and Springfield Railroad. The contractors last week commenced operations on the route of this road west of the river, in Ireland Parish in Northampton. Should the weather be favorable, considerable progress will be made this winter. The road from here to Cabotville is nearly ready for the reception of the cars. [Springfield Gaz.

Death of Judge Prescott. The Advertiser announces the decease of the Hon. William Prescott, which took place at his residence in this city on Sunday morning. He occupied for many years a prominent station as a member of the Bar of this Commonwealth, but for some years, on account of age, he has lived in retirement. He was graduated at Harvard University in the year 1783 in the same class with the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, Hon. Artemas Ward, and Hon. Ambrose Spencer. He was father of William H. Prescott, Esq., the distinguished historian, author of Ferdinand and Isabella, &c.

The members of the Suffolk Bar passed some very appropriate resolutions relative to the demise of the late William Prescott, Esq.

Prompt Arrest. A valuable surtout and hat were stolen from the dwelling-house of Mr. John Warren, in Summer street, last evening, shortly before 6 o'clock. The theft was discovered in the course of a few minutes, and intelligence of it immediately communicated to those vigilant police officers, Messrs. Clapp and Andrews. They started in pursuit of the property without delay, and by half past six, they had arrested the thief and possessed themselves of the stolen articles, which were soon in possession of their owner. The thief was George A. Foster, from Sharon, in this State, where he states he has lately lost his property by fire, and carries a paper to that effect, soliciting charity. He was arrested, and the property found at the clothing store of Mr. William Lawson, in Blackstone street, where he was attempting to sell it. Mr. L. often renders assistance to the police. [Atlas.

Routes from New York to Boston.

By steamboat to Stonington, and Railroad thence to Boston,	222 miles.
By steamboat to Allyn's Point (Norwich) and Railroad thence to Boston,	236 "
By Long Island Railroad via Stonington,	207 "
By Long Island Railroad via Norwich,	221 "
By steamboat to New Haven, and Railroad thence to Boston,	238 "
By steamboat to Providence, and Railroad thence,	240 "

[N. Y. Express.

Rev. Mr. Torrey, convicted at Baltimore, of aiding the escape of slaves, is not yet sentenced. A motion to arrest judgment pends still in court—on the ground, mainly, that the indictments fail to describe the prisoner as a free man or a slave. There are other reasons given for the motion.

☞ BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM. An Orphan's Fair will be held at the new building recently erected for the Institution on Washington st., near the Rev Mr Huntington's Church, on Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th inst. A variety of useful and fancy articles, some particularly suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts, will be offered for sale, for the benefit of the Asylum especially, to meet the expenses of furnishing and preparing the new house.

One table will be supplied with the knitting and other work of the Orphans, the others by the managers and their friends.

The house will be open to visitors from 10 o'clock, A. M. to sunset.

Tickets of admission 25 cent, children half price. d14

☞ LADIES' TEA PARTY. The Ladies of the First Society in Brighton, (Rev Mr Whitney's,) will hold a Social Tea Party at the Town Hall on Christmas Eve, (Tuesday, 24th)—the proceeds from which will be devoted to the furnishing a new and larger Vestry for the better accommodation of the Sabbath School, Lectures, &c.

The large Hall will be decorated with evergreens in honor of the Festival,—a Post Office will be connected with the entertainment, and the Band have volunteered their services for the evening. 2w d14

☞ TUESDAY NEXT. All those who are interested in the erection of a Monument to the memory of Dr Tuckerman, are invited to meet at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday next, Dec 17, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Henry B. Rogers,	F. T. Gray,
E. S. Gannett,	C. F. Barnard,
Richd. W. Bayley,	Elijah Cobb,
J. T. Sargent,	R. C. Waterston.

d14

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. Its next meeting will be held at the Vestry of the Brattle Square Church, (Rev Mr Lathrop's) on Monday evening, the 16th inst. at 7 o'clock.

Question—'What are the causes and what the remedies of the existing indifference on the part of many in the community to the institutions of religion in general, and especially to Sunday Schools?'

ARTEMAS CARTER, Sec'y.

Boston, Dec 14, 1844.

☞ PEACE CONVENTIONS. A series of Peace Conventions will be held at the following places, and in the following order:

At Worcester, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, Dec 10.
At North Brookfield, do do do Wednesday, 11th.
At Westfield, do do do Thursday, 12th.
At Springfield, do do do Friday, 13th.
At Cabotville, do do do Saturday, 14th.
At Springfield, a public meeting on Sunday evening, 15th.

The following gentlemen, with other friends of Peace have been invited to attend:

Samuel E. Cones, Esq. Pres. Am Peace Society,
J. P. Blanchard, General Agent do do.
Dr Walter Channing, Boston;
Prof Walker, North Brookfield;
Elihu Barritt, Worcester;
Rev Samuel J. May.

The principal question to be discussed will be, whether all WAR is not inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel?—To these meetings all persons are respectfully invited, and requested to take part in the deliberations.

No contributions will be asked. The only object is the diffusion of correct sentiments on the subject of war.

Clergymen, and others friendly to the cause of Peace, are desired to give notice of these meetings in their respective societies, and aid the object by their attendance and counsel.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 10th inst, by Rev Robt. F. Wallcutt, Mr Israel K. Little to Miss Julia Hodgdon, both of Boston.

At Pitts street Chapel, 8th inst, by Rev Mr Waterston, Mr Samuel S. Snow to Miss Almira W. Phagins, both of Boston.

On Sunday evening, by Rev Mr Gray, Mr Albert Wardwell to Miss Eleanor B Hanson.

By Rev Mr Stow, Mr Elias L. Curry to Miss Lydia Jones.

By Rev Mr Young, Henry W Miller, Esq, of Worcester, to Miss Mary Andrews.

In Newton, 28th ult, Mr Stephen Ellis, Jr, of Boston, to Miss Ann E, daughter of John Kingsbury of N.

In Dorchester, Mr Sherburne Rowe of Boston, to Miss Ann E., daughter of H. Temple, Esq.

25th ult, by Rev Mr Hall, Mr Wm B. Trask to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Mr Richard Clapp.

In Marlboro', by Rev Mr Alger, Mr Abraham Rice to Miss Abby W. Albee; Mr Lyman W. Howe to Miss Lucy Ann Sherman; and Mr Luther S. Wheeler to Miss Sophronia Howe.

In Portland, Me, 5th inst, Mr Jeremiah Fletcher of Roxbury, Ms, to Miss Huldah P. Jacobs of P.

In Harpswell, Me, Mr Lorenzo Alexander, of Brunswick, to Mrs Louisa Wilson, [the *young lady* whose husband was murdered about two years ago,] of H.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday, Mrs Abigail Baxter, widow of the late Ebenezer Baxter, 82.

5th inst, Mrs Samuel Stebbins, 66.

7th inst, George William, only child of George and Elizabeth Bemis, 15 mos.

In Charlestown, 11th inst, Moses Langley, 19.

7th inst, Mrs Sarah Reddish, 55.

In Dorchester, 7th inst, Mrs Patience, wife of Mr William Trask, 57.

Capt John Bussey, 61.

In Medway, 6th inst, Mrs Eliza, wife of Mr Richardson, of that place.

In Bridgewater, Mrs Margaret Burt, 23.

In Nantucket, 7th inst, Mr Thos Crose, editor of the Morning Eelegraph, about 35.

In Newburyport, 8th inst, Mrs Catharine Mather, wife of Rev Luther F. Dimick, 51.

In Hartwick, Otsego co., NY., 4th inst, Mr Elisha Bills, 95, a revolutionary soldier.

NO. 9, PRESENTATION BOOKS. *NEW COLORED TOYS.* Little Poems, with good morals, translated from the German. Part second do do do. Story of Little Sarah and her Grandmother's Johnnycake; Mrs Prim and her son Jim; Picture Alphabet; Remarkable Story of Chicken Little.

These little books are not only intended to please the eye, and give amusement to children, but also to assist in the cultivation of good affections.

Published by T. H. CARTER & CO., 118½ Washington st. d14

THE GREAT METROPOLIS. The Great Metropolis, or New York in 1845, for sale by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133½ Washington st. d14

THE BIBLE COMPANION, by Rev John Todd, price 25 cents, for sale by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133½ Washington st. d14

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—William Crosby, 118 Washington street, has for sale, an unusually large and complete assortment of Books, &c. &c. of all kinds, suitable for Holiday Presents.

—among them are—

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ANNUALS.—The Drawing Room Scrap Book; Friendship's Offering; Forget-me-Not; Juvenile Scrap Book; The Gift; Leaflets of Memory; The Opal; Rose of Sharon; Hawthorne; Keepsake; Rose; Hyacinth; Juvenile Gem; Youth's Keepsake; Annualette; Casket; Love Gift; Literary Souvenir; Boys' and Girls' Annual, &c. &c.

ELEGANTLY BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Montgomery's Sacred Gift; Scott's Poems; Cowper; Milton; Moore; Byron; Heman's; Burns; Sigourney; Percival; Thompson's Seasons; Oracles from the Poets; Lady of the Lake; Marmion; Last Minstrel; Shakspeare's Poems and Sonnets; Pilgrim's Progress; Christian Ballads; British Ballads; Cowper's Task; Poets and Poetry of England; Burke's Works; Poetry of Flowers; Lady's Book of Flowers and Poetry; Spencer's Works; Willis's Poems; Deserted Bride; American Poet's Gift, &c. &c.

MINIATURE POETS. Scott, Hemans, Howitt, Southey, Moore, Sigourney, Cowper, Thompson, Kirk White, Barton, Keble, Bowring, Goldsmith, Gray, Wordsworth, &c. &c.

STANDARD WORKS. Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Johnson's Works, Boswell's Johnson, Prescott's Mexico, Ferdinand and Isabella, Follen's Works, Channing's Works, &c. &c.

JUVENILES. I will be a Gentleman, Stories for Children, by Mrs Cleveland, Prize Story Book, Child's Delight; Tamed and Untamed; Favorite Scholar, The Robins, Turns of Fortune, Geneveive and Marcelin, The Clockmaker, Settlers in Canada, Old Michael and Young Maurice, Mrs Hofland's Works, Little Book of Knowledge, Mamma's Birthday, Fido, New Stories for Boys and Girls, Child's Gem, St Nicholas Annual, &c. &c.

NEW GAMES FOR CHILDREN. The Race of Improvement, by the author of the Busby Cards,' The Strife of Genius, by the author of 'I will be a Gentleman,' The Pickwick Cards, Characteristics, The Merry Cards, Master Rodbury and his Pupils, American Eagle, Star Spangled Banner, Mansion of Happiness, &c. &c.

The above comprises but a small part of the extensive variety of Holiday Presents.

For sale by WILLIAM CROSBY, 118 Washington st. d14

VALUABLE SCHOOL BOOKS, published by GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, 59 Washington street, Boston.

The Elements of Moral Science, by Francis Wayland, DD., President of Brown University. 25th thousand.

The Elements of Political Economy, by Francis Wayland, DD. Tenth thousand.

The works of Dr Wayland are now extensively introduced into the principal Colleges, Academies, and Schools throughout the country, and are highly esteemed.

Abridgements of both the above works, designed for Common Schools, are very extensively used: the studies are made interesting to youth, and are highly beneficial in forming correct moral and business principles.

The Ciceronian, or the Prussian mode of teaching the Elements of the Latin Language, adapted to the use of American Schools. By Prof B. Sears.

Prof. Sears is one of the ripest scholars; and we scarcely know a work accomplished by him, more important than the preparation of this little volume.

The method explained in the Ciceronian is unquestionably the very best method of making effective Latin scholars. Would that it were commenced and pursued in all our schools.

Classical Studies. The importance of the study of Greek and Roman Classics. By Prof Sears, Edwards and Felton.

Roman Antiquities and Ancient Mythology. By C. K. Dillaway. Illustrated by elegant engravings; seventh edition improved.

A peculiar merit of this work is the total absence of allusion, even the most remote, to the disgusting obscenities of ancient mythology, while at the same time, nothing is omitted which a pure mind would feel interested to know.

School Teachers and Committees wishing copies for examination, with a view to their introduction, will be supplied gratis.

☞ G. K. & L. are extensively engaged in the publication of School, Theological, and Miscellaneous Books.

Also, constantly on hand, a full assortment of Books in all departments of literature, which they can furnish on the best terms, wholesale and retail. 3t d14

PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS. JUVENILE BOOKS. A great variety of Juvenile Books many of which are new.

GAMES. Master Rodbury and his pupils, Characteristics of distinguished persons, Race of Improvement, National Game of the American Eagle, Mansion of Happiness, Dissected Pictures.

ANNUALS—Rose of Sharon, The Opal, Keepsake, Drawing Room Scrap Book, Youth's Keepsake, Annualette, Friendship's Offering, and the Gift.

VALUABLE MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.—Channing's Works, Dewey's Sermons, Livermore's Commentary, Kenrick's Exposition, Smyth's Lectures on Modern History, Church History, Coleridge's Aid to Reflections, Sparks's Life of Washington, Illustrations of the Bible, Dick's Works, Kirk White's complete works, Encyclopedia Americana, Burns's Works, Coleridge's Poetical Works, Gould's Poems, Poet's Gift, Poetry for Home and School, selections from Fenelon, by Mrs Follen.

MINIATURE EDITIONS. Among which are Matins and Vespers, Poems by Mrs Hemans, Mrs Langdon, Coleridge, Thompson and Southey, Autumn Flowers, Poetry of Love, Loves of the Angels, Sacred Songs, Bible and Closet, Spare Minutes, Private Hours, Token of the Heart, Channing's Essays Self Culture, Cypress Wreath, Sacred Harp, Private Devotions, &c. &c.

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HYMNS ADAPTED TO MUSIC, No. 9.

THE SEASONS.

TUNE—*Haddam.*

The seasons run their rounds
Obedient, Lord, to thee;
And never pass the bounds,
Ordained by Heaven's decree.

The circling sun, Attend thy call,
And planets all Their course to run.

The verdant landscape smiles,
And many a tuneful air
The peasant's toil beguiles,
And soothes his daily care;

While budding hope Unite to buoy
And blooming joy His spirits up.

As month to month succeeds,
New charms delight the eye;
And ripening groves and meads
Their various fruit supply.

Abundan: stores And nature's Lord
Our care reward, Our faith adores.

When summer blooms no more,
When harvest scenes are past;
When wintry tempests roar,
And breathe their chilling blast;

Our warm abode Rejoicing still
Thy praise shall fill; In thee, our God.

S. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY COUSIN LUCY.

BY JAMES HALL.

It has been well said, that the memory never loses an impression, that has once been made upon it. The lines may be obscured for a time, as an inscription is defaced by rust, but they are never obliterated; they may be buried under a crowd of other recollections, but there are times when these roll away, as the mist rises from the valley, and the whole picture stands disclosed, in its original integrity. Impressions made in childhood are the most vivid; years may pass, and other remembrances be gathered in, but those that lie deepest are longest retained, and most fondly cherished. Other events touch the heart and pass off, without leaving a trace, but these strike in, engraft themselves, and become a part of our nature. Such, at least, has been my experience. I have lived a busy, and I trust an useful life; I have seen much of the world, my feelings and passions have been excited and my attention powerfully fixed, by events of deep interest; but none stand recorded in the bold, indelible characters which mark some of the remembrances of my childhood.

Not far from my father's residence, there was a schoolhouse. It was a small log building such as we often see in new countries, and stood in a grove, on an eminence near the road. Whether chance, or taste, or convenience, dictated the choice of the spot, I cannot tell; but it always struck me as being not only well adapted to the purpose, to which it was appropriated, but remarkably picturesque. The grove contained not more than an acre or two of ground, but the trees were large and spreading oaks, that I have seldom seen surpassed in size or beauty; for every observer of nature will agree with me, that trees, even of the same species differ in appearance as widely as human beings.—In every grove, the vegetation has some distinguishing characteristic, just as all the inhabitants of a village have some trait in common. The trees are stinted or luxuriant, spreading or tall, majestic or beautiful; or else they are vulgar, common-place trees, as devoid of interest, as the unmeaning people whom we meet with every day. I never see an oak standing by the roadside, without observing its peculiarities. Some are round and portly, some tall and spindling; some aspire, and others grovel; one has a gracefully rounded outline, and another a rugged irregular shape. Here you may behold one waving its head with a courtly bend, and there you may see another tossing its great arms up and down like some angular, long limbed, gigigantic booby. Trees too, have their diseases, their accidents, and their adventures. They are torn by the wind, shattered by the lightning, and nipped by the frost; and while some of them have in their youth the aspect of sallow and dyspeptic invalids, others flourish in a green old age; and whether standing singly in the field, or crowded together in the forest, whether embraced by ivy, clothed with moss, or hung with mistletoe, they always attract attention, by the peculiarities they derive from these and other incidents.

Our schoolhouse oaks were of a majestic kind. They had braved the elements for at least a century, and seemed to be still in the vigor of life. Their great, dark trunks were covered with moss, and their immense branches interlocking far above the ground, shadowed it with a canopy, that not a sunbeam could penetrate. The soil was trodden hard and smooth by the school boys, and covered with a short greensward, over which the wind swept so freely, as to carry away all the fallen leaves.

Here we played and wrestled, and ran races; here, in hot weather, the master, forsaking the schoolhouse, disposed his noisy pupils in groups among the trees; here the rustic orator harangued his patriotic fellow-citizens on the anniversary of Independence; and here the itinerant preacher addressed the neighborhood on the Sabbath. On occasions like the latter, our grove became as gay as a parterre. The bonnets and ribbons, and calicoes, were as numerous, and many colored, as the flowers of the field. The farmers and their families generally came to preaching on horseback; and it was a fortunate animal that bore a lighter burthen than two adults, and a brace of children. The young women rode behind their brothers or sweethearts, or in default of such attendants, mounted sociably in pairs, the best rider taking the saddle, and holding the reins as smart girls are always willing enough to do. It was a goodly sight to see the horse hitched to the trees in every direction, showing off their sleek hides, and well combed manes to the best advantage, and decked with new saddles, and gaudy saddlecloths, and fine riding skirts, that were never exposed to the weather or to the eye except on Sunday and holidays. Then the people, before the sermon began, sitting in groups, or strolling in little companies, looking so gay and so happy, that Sunday seemed to be to them, not merely a day of rest, but of thanksgiving and enjoyment. When they collected round the preacher, sitting silent and motionless, with their heads uncovered, and thrown back in devout attention, the scene acquired a deeper and graver interest. I have never witnessed that spectacle on a calm, and sunny day, without a sensation of thrilling pleasure; and often as I have seen it, the impression that it made continued ever fresh and beautiful. There was a mingled cheerfulness and solemnity in this sight, that attached itself to the spot, and I have afterwards felt it in the midst of my studies or sports on school-days, and a calmness creeping over me, a feeling that the place was hallowed, like that which we experience when strolling in a grave yard, or lingering in the aisle of a church.

My memory clings to this spot, as the scene of the most vivid pains and pleasures of my childhood. I pass over the details of all the sufferings that I endured from the brutality of ignorant and tyrannical teachers; perhaps I was more sensitive than other children; but be that as it may, it is certain, that although I was fond of learning, and docile in my disposition, I imbibed, very early in life, a cordial hatred for the whole race of school-masters. But I loved my books, and my companions; I loved to play at ball, and run races; and I loved the schoolhouse grove, with its tall oaks and verdant lawn. I used to linger on the neighboring hill to look on the graceful swell, and those fine trees, and to wonder why I thought the landscape so attractive. Those who recollect their sensations on first entering a theatre, or reading a novel, can form some idea of my feelings. That first play, and first novel, remain through life impressed upon the imagination, as standards with which all similar objects are compared, and it was thus, that the most interesting spot that attracted my young fancy, became to me the *beau ideal* of rural and romantic beauty.

There was another charm connected with this spot, the secret of which I will now disclose to the reader, although for many years I hardly dared to acknowledge it to myself. My cousin Lucy was my school companion, and I never think of that green hill, without seeing her slender form, gliding among its shades, with the same calm blue eye, and meek countenance, and soft smile, that she wore when we were children. I hardly know why I loved Lucy better than any body else, for she was several years my senior, and never was my playfellow. I romped and laughed with the other girls, and played them all sorts of tricks; but I never hid her bonnet, or pinned her sleeve to that of her neighbor. From her childhood she was sedate and womanly; her deportment was always delicate and dignified; there was a something about her that repelled familiarity, while the winning softness of her manners invited love and respect. When I came near to Lucy, I was no longer a wild and mischievous boy, but was elevated into a better and more rational being, by the desire I felt to please and serve her.

We had a succession of school-masters, the most of whom were illiterate men, who remained with us but a few months. At last there came one of higher pretensions than the rest. He was a young man of liberal education, who brought with him the highest testimonials of his character and attainments. He strolled into the neighborhood on foot, and so great was his modesty, that it was some time before anybody discovered his requirements, or suspected the object of his visit. At length he proposed with some diffidence, to fill the vacant situation of teacher, and, having produced his credentials, was admitted to that thankless office. He was altogether a different man from any of his predecessors. His temper was even, his heart kind, and his manners easy, and he had the rare talent of commanding respect, and communicating knowledge without the appearance of an effort. He was as bashful as a girl, and as artless a being as ever lived. Every body liked him; his good sense, his cheerfulness, his inoffensive manners, and industrious habits, made him tho favorite of young and old.

It was customary in those days, for the school-master to board with his patrons, each one entertaining him a week at a time, in rotation; an arrangement which, while it divided the burthen of his subsistence, equally enabled the whole neighborhood to become personally acquainted with the pedagogue. When the latter happened to be a dull, prosing dog, scantily supplied with good manners and good fellowship, the week of his reception wore heavily away. The head of the family indulged himself on such occasions, in liberal remarks upon the idleness and effiminacy of learning, and the good wife by frequent allusions to the scarcity of provisions and the high price of schooling, gave the unfortunate teacher to understand that he was considered as a mere incubus upon the body politic; a Mr. Nobody who was only tolerated, and fed, and allowed to sit in the chimney corner, for the purpose of keeping the children out of mischief. But if the school-master was a pleasant fellow, one who read the newspapers, and played the fiddle, and told a good story the week of his visitation brought holiday times, and high doings, to the farmer's hospitable fireside. Then the good man heard the news, the girls heard the violin, and the mistress of the house found a patient auditor to the recital of all the misfortunes which had befallen the family, within the scope of her memory. Then the boys wore their holiday clothes every day, the hospitable board groaned under the load of good things, and the cheerful family enjoyed seven long days of good humor and good eating.

Of all school-masters, Mr. Alexis, the gentleman above alluded to, was the most popular one that ever darkened the door of a farm house. In this time the "school-master's week" was a week of festival. He not only read the news, and played the fiddle, but could sing a good song, and recite the veracious biography of a hundred real ghosts. He could explain all the hard words in the Testament, all the outlandish names in the newspapers, and all the strange hieroglyphies which are mischievously set down in the almanac, to puzzle the brains of country folks. Then he was affable, and talkative; with all this he was good humored, and what perhaps was more effective than all the rest he was good looking. With such qualifications he was always a welcome visiter, and I can well remember the stir that his coming occasioned in my father's house. On the preceeding Saturday, there was an universal scrubbing; the floors, the windows, the chairs, the pewter plates, the milk-pails, the children were all scrubbed. The dimity curtains that lay snugly packed away in the great press, sprinkled with lavender and rose leaves were now brought forth, and hung over the parlor windows; and the snow white counterpanes, that were kept for great occasions, were ostentatiously spread upon the beds. The yard was swept, and the great weeds that had been suffered to grow unmolested, were plucked up; and the whole messuage, out houses, tenements, and appurtenances, made to look as smart, as the case would admit. Then such baking and brewing, and cooking! The great oven teemed with huge loaves, and rich pastry; yielding forth from its vast mouth, puddings, pies, and tarts enough to have foundered a whole board of aldermen. The fatted calf was killed, the brightest ornaments of the pig sty and the poultry yard were devoted to the knife, and the best blood of the farm was freely spilled to furnish forth delicate viands, with which to pamper the appetite of that important and popular character, the school-master.

I am often singular in my opinions, for I do not consider myself bound to believe anything merely because everybody else believes it. As to the schoolmaster, I disliked him from the very first; and when everybody else praised him, I was silent. I had an inherent antipathy against all pedagogues. I viewed them as our natural enemies; a race created to scourge and terrify children; and for the person in question, I entertained a special aversion. This was the more singular, as I was by nature confiding and placable, and never indulged a malignant feeling towards any other human being. He treated me with kindness, instructed me with unwearied patience, and I verily believe would have found the road to my heart, had I not suspected, that he was searching out the way that led to my cousin Lucy's. I was always jealous of her, because the disparity of our ages placed her at a distance which almost extinguished hope, and because she always treated me as a boy and a relation, and either never did, or never would see, that I cherished feelings towards her infinitely more tender than any that the mere ties of consanguinity could have awakened. A boy in love becomes cunning beyond his years. Unable to enter the list as a candidate, and obliged to look on in silence, he becomes the secret and vigilant enemy of his unconscious rival. I was continually watching the schoolmaster and my cousin Lucy, and not a glance, nor a blush, not a touch of the hand escaped my jealous eye. An indifferent observer would have seen nothing in their intercourse to excite the slightest suspicion; an enamored boy, who had loved devotedly from the first dawn of intelligence, read volumes of meaning in every act and look. The conduct of both of them was perfectly delicate and unexceptionable. There was not the least approach to gallantry on his part; not an inviting, or an encouraging glance on hers; but I could mark the softened tone of his voice, and the involuntary reverence of his manner, when he addressed her, I could detect the brightening of his eye, when she spoke, and the courteous bow with which he replied to any question from her, so different from the common-place civility with which he treated his other female pupils.

He often walked home with her, but never without other company, for she was always surrounded by children, one or two of whom she held by the hand, as if to prevent the possibility of a tete a tete. Perhaps she never had a thought that there was any particular meaning in his attentions; but there is an instinct in female delicacy, and although it might never have occurred to Lucy, that her teacher had opportunities beyond other men, which required that she should place a careful watch over her affections, nature regulated her conduct. I was often with them; they conversed without constraint, and never spoke of love, or courtship, or marriage. But he pointed out to her the finest traits of the landscape, gathered for her the choicest flowers, and discoursed of poetry; sometimes reciting the most beautiful passages, in so eloquent a tone, that I could have knocked him down, and was ready to quarrel with Lucy for the apparent interest with which she listened. Often did I wish that he was a thousand miles off, or that I was a schoolmaster.

It would be too tedious to set down all the mischievous pranks that I played our teacher, in revenge for his supposed attachment to my cousin. Though fond of learning, I obstinately persisted in a resolution to owe nothing to his teaching; and more than once disgraced him and myself, by wilful blunders, at our public examinations. I incited the biggest boys into conspiracies against his peace and dignity. Once when he was going to a tea-party at my uncle's, a little better dressed, than usual, a troop of us scampered past him as he was crossing a miry brook and pretending not to observe him, splashed a shower of mud and water over his only holiday suit. We sent him one day into a large company with a grotesque figure chalked on his back; and on another occasion, scorched off his eyebrows by exploding gunpowder under his nose, while he was intently engaged in working a problem in Algebra. None of these persecutions ever ruffled his temper, and when my mother, who could not believe that the fault was mine, reproached him with the slowness of my progress, he mildly told her that the greatest geniuses were often dull at school, and that I would no doubt make a shining man.

At length the term of the schoolmaster's engagement expired, and my heart bounded with joy when I heard that he was going to leave the country. I was at my uncle's on the morning of his departure, when he called to take leave of the family. Lucy was in the garden, and Alexis went there to look for her. Young as I was, I could readily comprehend that a latent passion would be most apt to betray itself in a parting interview, and that of all places in the world, a garden is the fittest to excite tender thoughts in the bosom of young lovers. In a moment, a thousand thoughts flashed through my mind—in another moment, love and jealousy prompted me to observe a meeting which my forboding heart told me would be fraught with more than usual interest. It was a mean act, but jealousy is always mean. I was too young, too much in love, and too angry to reflect; and if I had reflected, who could have thought it improper to witness anything which could take place between two such perfect beings, as my cousin Lucy and the schoolmaster.

I crept secretly to the garden, and from the covert of a thick hedge, saw Alexis approach my cousin. He took her hand and told her that he had come to bid her farewell; that he had bid adieu to all his other friends, and had deferred calling upon her until the last, because to part with her was more painful than all the rest. There was a touching softness in his voice, and a corresponding melancholy clouded his features. "What a canting rascal," said I to myself; "I'm afraid Lucy will never be able to stand it."

He then dropped her hand, and began to pluck twigs from a peach tree, while Lucy was industriously engaged in demolishing a great rose. At last he said, "There is one subject"—Lucy stooped down and began to pull the weeds from a tulip bed. The schoolmaster stopped and looked embarrassed.

"Silly fellow!" said I exultingly, "why does he not kneel down, and lay his hand upon his heart!" I took courage when I saw his trepidation, believing that he would never be able to tell his love, or that Lucy would discard so clumsy a lover.

"Miss Lucy—" said the schoolmaster.

"Sir!" said Miss Lucy.

"What a canting villain!" said I.

Mr. Alexis looked round, as if fearful of observation.

"He looks as if he were stealing," said I "and well he may, the vile pedagogue!"

Alexis sighed, threw down his eyes, and resumed, "There is one subject, Miss Lucy, upon which I have long wished—" He looked up, but Lucy was several paces off, twining the delicate vines of a honey-suckle through the lattices of the summer house.

"She will never have him!" said I, in an extacy; "I knew she would never have a whining, canting, pitiful schoolmaster!"

Alexis followed Lucy to the summer-house, and remarked that "the honey suckles were very fragrant."

"Very!" said my cousin.

He has dropped the subject thought I; dear Lucy! how well she managed him! Ah! these schoolmasters know not how to make love; if I were there I could show him how! I breathed freely and thought it was all over.

Alexis stood by the side of Lucy; he leaned towards her, and spoke in a low voice. What he said I know not, but the words were potent, for Lucy turned her head from him, and I saw that her face was covered with blushes, redder than the coral flowers that hung around her.

I thought she was angry. "If he has dared to insult my cousin" said I, how proudly will I avenge her quarrel! I looked again, and could scarcely believe my eyes! Lucy's head was reclining on the shoulder of Alexis, and one arm was thrown gently around her I thought their lips met!

I could spy no longer. I fled from the hateful scene, burning with rage and jealousy, and deeply mortified at my own meanness, in having become the voluntary and secret witness of that which should have been sacred from every eye.

In a few days after this occurrence, I left my native country. I had long been destined for the sea, and having now received a midshipman's warrant in the navy, set out for the sea board. After I had bade adieu to all my other friends, I went to take leave of Lucy; for I, too, felt that this was the most painful of my separations; the parting with her, seemed like breaking the last and most tender tie that bound me to the land of my birth. She had always treated me with the affection of a sister, and never did her manner seem so tender as at this moment. When I left her father's house, she followed me across the little lawn before the door, and as I threw the reins over my horse's neck, and lingered to repeat adieu, she put a paper in my hand. Her eyes were filled with tears, and my own were not dry.

I was some miles on my way from home, before my emotion subsided sufficiently to permit me to read Lucy's note. In this she disclosed to me the engagement with Alexis; she said it had been approved by her parents, and that their marriage would take place whenever he should be established in a profession, for which he was preparing himself. She spoke of the fair prospects that smiled before her in an union with one so amiable and highly gifted. She said, that she had made this disclosure, because I was her nearest and dearest relative, after her parents, and was on the eve of so long an absence, that the separation seemed almost final. More she said which I need not repeat; it was all kind and sisterly, and I vowed that I would always love my cousin Lucy, whether she married the schoolmaster or not.

Her note had one good effect, which harsher measures would have failed to produce. Her generous confidence subdued me; and as I reflected upon it, in my cooler moments, I determined to smother my ill fated passion, and to love Lucy only in manner and form as her cousin lawfully might. I resolved, moreover to forego all my vengeance against Alexis, and to think of him with kindness.

In a few days I embarked. We had a brilliant cruise. The war with Great Britain was just declared and the ocean swarmed with our enemies. We were frequently engaged, and generally successful. The novelty and excitement of this life, soon caused a wonderful revolution in my feelings. I was no longer a romantic boy, brooding over a hopeless passion, with the single object of my adoration continually before my eyes. My heart had set up for other idols; it had now ample sea room and like our gallant vessel, rode gaily over the sparkling ocean of life. I learned to think of Lucy as the destined bride of another; yet I thought of her as a lovely and a hallowed being, and sometimes pronounced her name with the reverence with which a devout Catholic utters that of his tutelary saint. Often when our ship lay becalmed, when the clear moonlight was spread over the ocean, when the waves were at rest, and every thing was still, I would lie for hours upon the deck, thinking of the school house, and its beautiful grove, and my fair cousin. Then I would think of the honors that awaited me—of the time when I should be numbered among the heroes of my country; and would sigh to reflect, that the lovely flower which so proudly I would have twined among my laurels would be blushing unseen in the lowly cottage of a country schoolmaster.

During my first cruise, which lasted nearly two years, I was so fortunate as to distinguish myself on several occasions. But I panted for higher honors; and on our return to port, finding a frigate on the point of sailing, I solicited permission to join her, and being considered as an efficient officer, my request was granted, and I sailed on another cruise without setting my foot on shore. This act of devotedness to my profession raised me in the eyes of my commander, who afforded me every opportunity of acquiring distinction. I now rose rapidly. When I was at sea, I was engaged in every hazardous enterprise, and when in foreign ports, my superior introduced me into the best society. Among the exotic beauties whom I beheld, I saw none so beautiful as Lucy, but many who were more polished; perhaps my taste became vitiated, for although I still cherished the memory of her unpretending graces, I learned to admire the more dazzling charms of others, and to indulge the thought that I might at some future day adore another in her stead.

After a long cruise, in which many dangerous exploits were attempted, and some of them brilliantly accomplished, we were homeward bound, when we fell with a fine frigate of the enemy. Both ships were soon cleared for action, and after a bloody engagement we succeeded in capturing our foe. I was now acting as a lieutenant, and having the good fortune to be stationed on the spar deck, immediately under the eye of my commander, received his compliments for my conduct.

We came into port triumpantly. Public honors of the highest character were awarded to us. Dinners and balls were given, and the population of a great city vied in the expression of their patriotic gratitude; while the newspapers throughout the whole continent were filled with our praises. I was promoted to a lieutenancy, and had the gratification of seeing my name emblazoned in the public prints, with those of my distinguished superiors. In these proud moments I did not forget my fair cousin; entirely as I had resigned her, and cordially as I wished her happiness, I sighed to think of her obscure and lonely fate. With a partner so bright, so gentle, and so dear, to share my laurels I should have been supremely happy and I could not but marvel at the capricious decree of fortune which had doomed one, who might have shone as the bride of a naval hero, to drag out her existence, in the vulgar lot of wife of a country pedagogue.

I had written to my parents on my arrival; but a round of entertainments, given in honor of our victory, prevented me from visiting them.

One evening, as I strolled through the streets with a friend, we passed a spacious church into which crowds of fashionable people were hurrying with apparent eagerness

"Let us go in here," said my companion "and hear the fashionable preacher, one who has turned the heads of the whole town, and is more talked of than Commodore Perry or Gen. Scott. He is a new man, who has eclipsed all his cotemporaries by his eloquence, while his learning and modesty win universal esteem."

We entered the church, and I looked around upon the novel exhibition, as upon some fairy scene. It was long since I had set in the bosom of a worshipping congregation; and how different was this from the rustic assemblage that I had been accustomed to see, gathered in pious silence under the schoolhouse oaks! Here was a splendid edifice, ornamented with gilding, decorated with rich hangings, and lighted with brilliant chandeliers, whose intense effulgence, awakened in my unpracised heart a thrilling sensation of excitement. But the audience, how gay, how gorgeous, how beautiful! Those to whom such scenes are familiar, can form but a faint idea of the impression made by a fair and fashionable crowd, upon the mind of one accustomed only to rustic assemblages, or to the hardy multitudes who fill the camp, or crowd the quarter deck. Here gems, and plumes, and silks, and glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, but there was also a simple elegance in the attire, a devout humility reigning throughout this rich scene, that added to it a solemn grandeur, which exceeded my powers of description. My heart was elevated as I gazed on that rich, and silent, and motionless scene; and I felt how the omnipotent influence of religion can quell the haughty and soothe the wretched and win the gay, and calm down all the tumultuous passions of human nature, as oil poured upon the waves reduces them to a placid surface.

At length the preacher arose, and every eye was turned towards him. I looked up and what was my surprise at beholding Alexis! I could not be mistaken for there he stood in the simple attire, with the same humble aspect, and the same benignant smile, that were so familiarly impressed upon my recollection. His manner had all its former mildness, and his voice its accustomed melody; there was only a little more of fulness and compass in the one, and a slight tinge of self-confidence added to the other. His sermon was eloquent and able; the language was rich, classical and simple; the manner of its delivery calm and unassuming. His voice was never strained, and seldom elevated above its ordinary pitch; it swelled and softened upon the ear, without the slightest effort on the part of the speaker, without the least violence to the sense of the hearer. There was no labor of body; the arm was never extended, the hand only was raised occasionally from the cushion. The whole manner of the speaker, was mild and persuasive; his argument was acute, close, and powerful, without any attempt to adorn it with the grace of composition, or to win applause by the arts of oratory, yet such was the effect produced by the delicate choice of harmonious words, their symetrical arrangement, and chaste delivery, together with the apostolic earnestness, and air of pious conviction that breathed throughout that all felt and acknowledged, that the speaker had opened a rich vein of genuine eloquence.

The deep silence that prevailed during the sermon and the subdued murmur of applause that ran in whispers through the congregation, when the service was over, attested the powerful effect of the discourse. As the people dispersed, I endeavored to make my way to Mr. Alexis, but the crowd was so great as to prevent me from reaching the pulpit, until he had disappeared; and as it was late I returned to my lodgings, determined to seek him on the following day. I now saw that Lucy was not wedded to obscurity and indigence, and gave her full credit of having discovered a man of genius and feeling, in the despised schoolmaster who had been so long the object of my contempt and aversion. I took shame to myself for having presumed to institute comparison between Alexis and myself; and felt humble in acknowledging that my ephemeral honors would soon be forgotten, while his useful career and splendid powers would sustain for him a brilliant reputation during his existence, and earn a name which his countrymen would cherish with gratitude when he should be no more. One thing flattered my pride and consoled my prejudices I learned that Mr. Alexis had long since abandoned his former vocation, and that my cousin had not, after all, married a schoolmaster.

On the following morning early Mr. Alexis anticipated my visit by calling to see me.—We met cordially and on the day after, were jogging sociably together towards my native place. I found Lucy a proud and happy wife. They had built a neat little cottage on the schoolhouse hill, in the midst of that beautiful grove, which they carefully preserved in memory of former days; and I now found that I had not been singular in my admiration of its sylvan graces. The schoolhouse had been removed; and a large plain meeting-house, on a neighboring eminence, is occupied by a numerous congregation under the ministry of Alexis—Loved and honored by his former pupils, the worthy pastor is surrounded by those who look up to him with gratitude as the teacher of their youth, and with reverence as the guide of their maturity; while the happy Lucy in the society of her early friends and chosen partner, enjoys the sweetest fruits of innocence and virtue. Here they live in contentment and honor; and when I witnessed their placid lives, their pious labors, their active benevolence, and simple virtues, I scarcely know which to love and admire most, my fair and gentle cousin Lucy, or my ancient rival, but now my very reverend and much honored cousin, "the schoolmaster."

HON. JAMES HARPER,

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Harper is eminently, and in the best sense of the word, a self-made man. He was born in 1795, in Newton, Queens County, Long Island. This was also the birth-place of his parents, and the spot where they still reside, in all the enjoyment of a green and vigorous old age. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and able to give his children no other advantages of education than such as are possessed by the great body of the American people. But our country gave them, as it gives to every one, a fair field for the exercise of their industry; and this was all they required. In 1810 James Harper came first to this city, with a solitary shilling in his pocket, and nothing but his own courage and energy to cast light upon his prospects. He soon found his way to the printing office of "Paul and Thomas" a house at that time of considerable celebrity, their establishment being situated at the corner of Walnut street and Burling Slip. Here he served a regular apprenticeship of six years, and immediately established a character for unwearied industry, enterprise, and unyielding integrity.

During the war Mr. Harper, with his fellow-apprentices obeyed the call of his country, and was enrolled with a company of militia. Their active services, however, were not required, and Mr. H. returned to his business.

In 1816, the year when his apprenticeship expired, James started business in company with his brother John. They set up a small establishment for book and job printing, in Dover street, under the name of J. & J. Harper. The first person by whom they were employed to print a book was Evert Duyckinck, a publisher of considerable enterprise, and the father of our fellow-citizen, E. A. Duyckinck, Esq., one of the most polished and gifted writers of the day.

The first book they ever printed was Locke's celebrated "Essay on the Human Understanding." Their business gradually increased, and in 1817 they removed to Fulton and soon after to Pearl street. They had already added to their printing establishment a publishing house, and in both departments they slowly and steadily extended their operations. In 1820 a still younger brother, Joseph, became a member of the firm, and two years thereafter, Fletcher, the youngest, was added to the number. From that time to the present, the firm has remained unchanged. They continued in Pearl street until about the year 1825, when they removed to Cliff street, which was then an unoccupied alley. Their establishment was the first building ever erected in that part of the street. It is needless to follow the steps by which they have reached their present position, as the first publishing house in the United States, and one of the largest in the world.

James Harper possesses a clear and prompt judgment, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and as benevolent a heart as ever beat in a human breast. He has been, for a long series of years one of the most prominent and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has taken probably, a more active and leading part in all the great moral and religious enterprises of the day, than any other man whose business engagements were equally pressing, in the city. He is the founder of several Temperance Socities, which have spread countless blessings over the community in which their operations are felt, and is connected, closely and actively, with nearly all the charitable institutions of the city. His fortune, his time, and his most ardent personal labors are always at the service of morality and of Christian charity; and long before his name was ever mentioned as a candidate for political distinction, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence and the warmest esteem of all who knew him. In personal intercourse he is exceedingly affable, and his conversation abounds in humor and native shrewdness. None of our readers need be informed that, in the spring of 1844, he was elected Mayor of New York, as the candidate of the American Republicans, by an overwhelming majority of the people. That party could not have chosen a more worthy leader. Fitted admirably as he was by his personal qualities, to command the respect and support of the great body of the intelligent and well-disposed portion of our people, his whole history furnished a still more winning example of what industry, frugality, and integrity, can achieve in this free Republic.

Mr. Harper has never been an active politician. We believe he is not closely wedded to either of the two great parties, which have for many years divided the country. He entertains, of course, decided convictions as to the policy of each:—but his opinions on this subject do not lead him to regard either of them as wholly in the right, or wholly wrong. His most ardent attachment is for the Constitutional liberties of his country, and his greatest fear for the perpetuity of our institutions, springs from apprehensions of the hidden dangers which threaten them, from within and without, rather than from the action of either of the great parties which have struggled so long for the mastery. The party by which he was placed in his present most honorable station, is the one which most nearly, in his judgment, represents the feelings and the wants of the American people: and his hopes of coming greatness and permanent prosperity for his country, are bound up with the growth and increasing strength of the American Republican party. As a magistrate, Mr. Harper is the most efficient we have ever had. All parties, and men of all classes, yield him their unbounded confidence; and it has never been, for a moment, betrayed or withdrawn. In all his relations, as a man, a citizen and a magistrate, he is one, of whom our city, and especially our party, may well be proud; and we only regret that this sketch of his character is in every way so inadequate, and so unworthy. [Metropolitan.

CHURCH SERVICE AND HYMN BOOK.—Published and for sale by BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington street, the following Book:—

Service Book, for the use of the Church of the Disciples. Taken principally from the Old and New Testaments.

The Disciple's Hymn Book; a Collection of Hymns and Chants for public and private devotion. Prepared for the use of the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

The Christian Examiner for July 1844, speaking in praise of this Book, from which we select the following: 'We would then have the music, or singing, and liturgic services of the Church adapted to aid the devotion of the Congregation, to make the Congregation themselves, worshippers. Nothing else satisfies us.'

'Entertaining these views, we are prepared to like the plan of Mr Clarke's 'Service Book.' It answers the demand made by the heart of the worshipper. It has sufficient variety, yet is simple, both in its matter and arrangement; it avoids the repetition and confusion observable in many of the old Prayer Books, and the Service is not as in some of them, made tedious by its length; and it unites the advantages of extempore prayer with something fixed, and especially with well chosen scriptural aids to devotion, &c. &c.

'The mechanical execution of the Book is worthy of notice. It is exceedingly neat and pleasing to the eye.'

s14 tf

MR. PUTNAM'S P. B. K. ADDRESS. An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in Harvard University, Aug 29, 1844, by George Putnam. Just published; for sale by WM. CROSBY, 118 Washington st. s28

FURNESS' FAMILY PRAYERS. 400 copies of Domestic Worship, by Rev W. H. Furness, 2d stereotype edition. Received and for sale low by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. n2

AMERICAN ALMANAC. The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1845. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. n9

MRS SIGOURNEY'S NEW WORK. The Child's Book in Prose and Poetry, for the instruction and amusement of Children. Embellished with upwards of 100 engravings. Just published.—Received and for sale at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. o26

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s28

GREENWOOD'S PSALMS AND HYYNS.—JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirty-sixth edition of 'a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev F. W. P. Greenwood.

This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.

The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev J. Pierpont;) Second Society, (Rev C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev Dr Channing;) Bulinch st. Church (Rev Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev Mr Coolidge,) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev Dr Dewey;) Church of the Savior, Brooklyn, N.Y. (Rev Mr Farley;) Cambridge, E. Cambridge, W. Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Alton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.

The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns.—Nor farther alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington st., (up stairs.)

ap27 tf

SWAN'S SERIES OF READERS. The Primary School Reader, Part I. This book is designed for beginners. It contains the Alphabet, a lesson upon each of the elementary sounds of our language, and a few simple, interesting stories for children.

The Primary School Reader, Part II This book contains lessons upon the consonant sounds in Combination, Exercises upon Inflections, and a selection of Easy Reading Lessons.

The Primary School Reader, Part III. This book is designed for the highest class in Primary Schools, and the lowest class in Grammar Schools. It contains a selection of Easy Reading Lessons, and Exercises upon Articulation in connection with them.

This series of Books, whole or in part, has been introduced into the Public Schools of Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury, Springfield, Dorchester, Dedham, Quincy, Milton, Marblehead, and many other places. Numerous testimonials in favor of them have been received from Teachers and Committees in these and other places. Teachers and Committees are requested to order copies gratis for examination.

Also, just published, The Grammar School Reader. This book is designed to follow the Primary School Reader, Part III. and is intended for the use of the middle classes of Grammar Schools. It has already been introduced into several of the places above named.

The concluding volume of the series will soon be published.

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TWO GERMAN STUDENTS. Follen's Practical Grammar of the German Language.

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Follen's German Grammar and Reader are considered to be the best works of the kind in use. The second and third editions of the Grammar were both greatly improved, by corrections and additional rules and illustrations, by the author; since which, the work has passed through several editions, and has been introduced into Harvard University. The German Reader, also, has been repeatedly printed; and its popularity is constantly increasing.

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